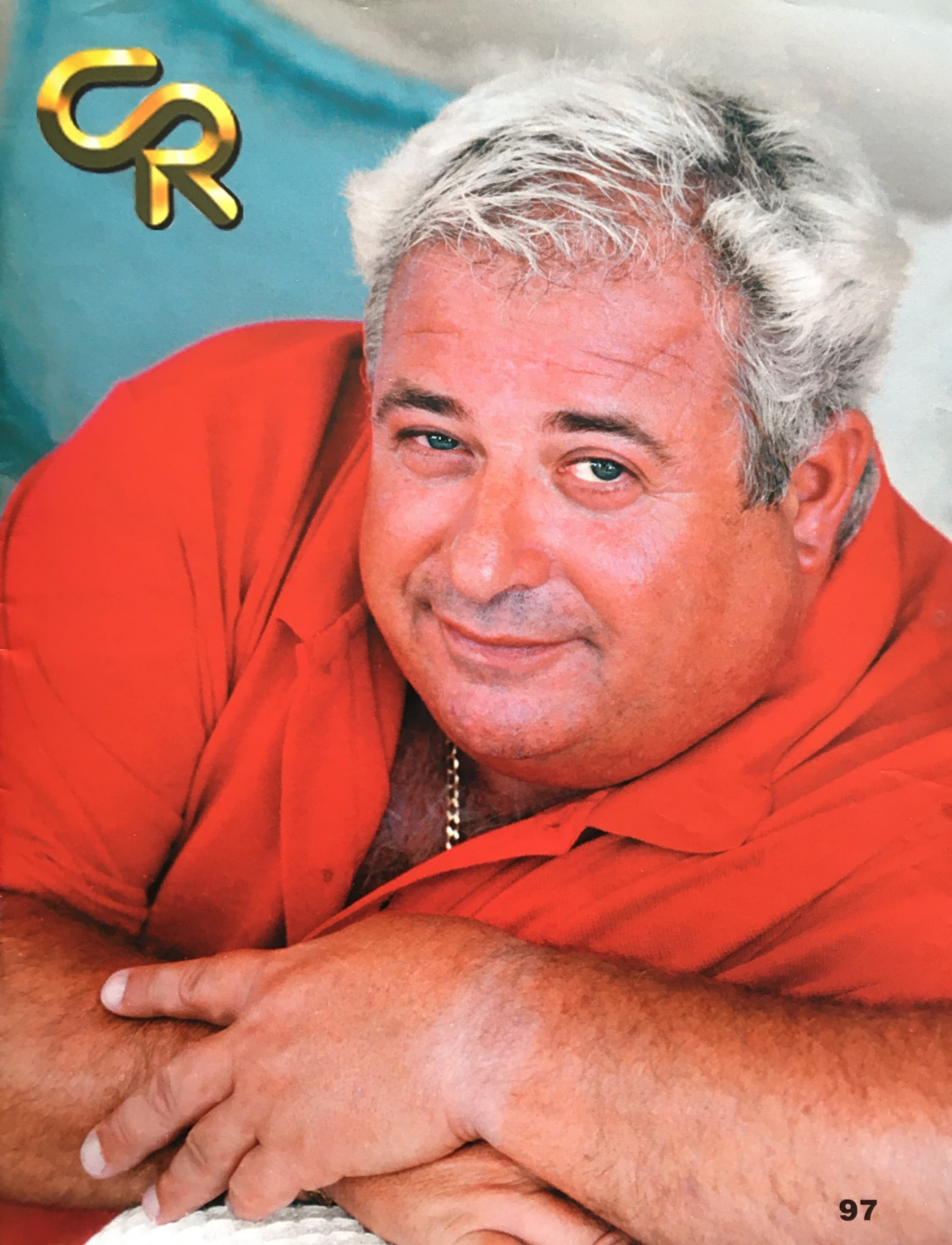

racer x

CR MAGAZINE

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Patrick H. Colley
FIRST COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
Manny
SECOND COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
Manny

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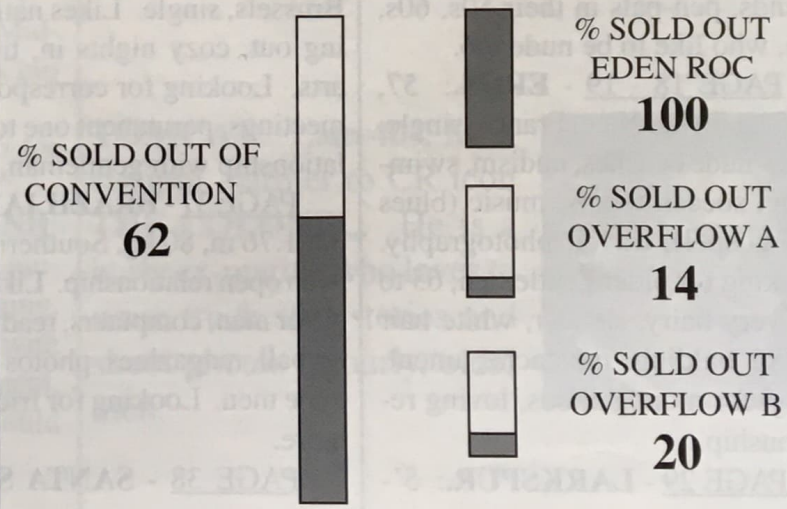
CR 97

4 THE STATS
6 DIALOGUE
20 THE CONTACT NETWORK
31 TURKEY TROT
a true story by Patrick O'Connor
34 THE NEW CR
35 INTRODUCING COCOS ROJOS
47 THE EYES HAVE IT
fiction by Jason P. Williams
59 HAPPY HOUR
fiction by Tecumseh
68 AUSSIE ODYSSEY PHOTOS

GATHERING 2001
STATUS AS OF 11/15/00



the stats

MODELS

FIRST COVER - **MICHAEL**: 53, 5'-8", 275#, Hollywood, Florida, single. Likes travel, all the arts, antiques, entertaining, stock market, meeting new and interesting people. Looking for someone to become good friends with first and then lovers.

PAGE 2 - **RACER X**: 42, 5'-8", 190#, Owings, MD. Loves cars and pen pals. Single status may be changing.

PAGE 13 - **KARL**: 64, 5'-8", 200#, Palm Springs, single. Likes dogs, horses, working out, videos. Looking for a mature, genuine, masculine top many for possible relationship.

PAGE 14 - **SEABEAR**: 62, 5'-9", 195#, South Jersey, in an open relationship. Likes nude beaches, nudism, furry men, bears, daddy types. Looking for mature men, any age, with similar likes for friendship and intimacy.

PAGE 15, 16 - **WAG**: 55, 6'-1", 215#, Coon Rapids, Minnesota, in an open relationship. Likes reading, movies, and being nude as much as possible. Looking for friends, pen-pals in their 50s, 60s, 70s, who like to be nude too.

PAGE 18 - 19 - **EROS.**: 57, 1.65 m, 70 kg, Nice, France, single. Likes nude beaches, nudism, swimming, soccer, tennis, music (blues and gospel), travel, photography. Looking for older gentlemen, 65 to 85, very hairy, slender, white hair and/or balding, mustache, uncut, hung, for monogamous, loving relationship.

PAGE 29 - **LARKSPUR.**: 5'-8", 190#, Colorado, single. Likes old cars, flea markets, antiques, good food, classical music, PBS. Looking for a good man with a great mind and greater heart to explore a relationship.

PAGE 30 - **PANDA**: 76, 5'-6", 170#, U.K., in an open relationship. Likes classical music, theater, travel, cinema, nudism, pen-pals. Looking for big hairy men, any nationality, for fun and friendship, not relationship.

PAGE 36 - **MARK**: 40, 5'-10", 270#, Elkhorn, WI, single. Likes old movies, reading, writing, racing. Looking for LTR with mature man. **BOSTON TEDDY BEAR**: 41, 5'-9", 180#, Boston, single, healthy HIV positive. Likes dinner, theater, movies, weight lifting, body shaving, quiet times, kissing, cuddling, light S & M, hot safe sex. Looking for big daddy bears, relationship, new people for friendship and more. **SONLUVDAD** 40, 5'-8", 145#, Orange County, CA, in an open relationship. Likes bowling, computers, travel, and nudity. Looking for dads, 55+, friends, single & group safe sex. **SIMONE**: 50, 6'-1", 175#, near Brussels, single. Likes nature, dining out, cozy nights in, traveling, arts. Looking for correspondence, meetings, permanent one to one relationship with gentleman, 65+.

PAGE 37 - **BRAZILIAN BOY**: 33, 1.76 m, 80 kg, Southern Brazil, in an open relationship. Likes older, silver men, computers, reading, volleyball, magazines, photos of older nude men. Looking for friends and more.

PAGE 38 - **SANTA STEVE**: 57, 6'-1", 225#, Seattle, in an open relationship. Likes boxer dogs, music, cooking, books, restoring old homes, being Santa Clause. E-mail: mesanta1@aol.com

PAGE 39- **HAWAII 8-0**: 82, 6'-4", 190#, Honolulu, single. Likes nature, animals, old music, movies, cuddling, quiet times, sunsets at Waikiki. Looking for portly gentleman, 60+, nonsmoker, to exchange TLC. Pen-pals, maybe more. **HILL COUNTRY**: 59, 5'-6", 183#, Georgia, single. Likes outdoors, gardening, sports, mountain walking, beaches, being courted. Looking for one mature, masculine man (40-70), top, who wants a closed, joyful LTR. **JOETOO**: 70, 5'-10", 210#, S.W. Florida, single. Likes good company, good meals, quiet evenings. Looking for a mature fun relationship. **DAY HAWK**: 72, 5'-8", 178#, Western Canada, single. Likes classic/jazz/blues music, hiking, outdoors, reading, travel. Looking for compatible Canadian to share his life.

PAGE 40-41- **WALRUS**: 47, 5'-9", 260#, Orlando, in an open relationship. Likes cooking, sex with over 60, nudity. Looking for sex with nice men.

PAGE 42 - **HAWO**: 56, 5'-8", 215#, Germany, single. Likes music, reading, nature. Looking for friends, relationship. **PATRICK O**: 74, 5'-5", 190#, Los Angeles, in an open relationship. Likes recreational sex. **MILT**: 65, 6 ft., 270#, S.W. Ontario, single. Likes travel, good times, warm & cuddly people. Looking for any age or race, nonsmoker, light drinker, ca-

sual. **DAVE ANDERSON**: 61, 6'-1", 200#, Wisconsin, status unknown. Likes racing, movies, dining out. Looking for pen pals only.

PAGE 43 -**LIMEY**: 67, 6 ft., 310#, Central Florida and Midlands of England, in an open relationship. Likes working on his computer, movies (old and new hi-tech). Looking for new friends. **NED**: 62, 5'-9", 250#, Victoria, Canada, single. Likes rum and Coke, blues, jazz, travel. Looking for friends, pen pals, and future partner. **JULIO:** 52, 1.78 m, 98 kg, Southern Brazil, in an open relationship. Likes riding bicycles, fishing, reading, safe sex, music, gardening. Looking for new friends, any age, only for safe sex. **FLORIDA DOUGHBOY**: 72, 5'-7", 210#, Florida West Coast, single. Looking for pen-pal like TOMCAT: Lovable. If not, he will take TOMCAT.

PAGE 44 - **WRESTLER & GOLFER**: 50/67, 5'-11"/5'-8", 250#/240#, Louisiana/Florida, in a closed relationship. Looking for friends, 50+, stocky. **FUNDIR & BOB**: They are just friends. Fundir: 39, 5'-6", 205#, Eastern N.C., in an open relationship. Likes all that life has to offer. Looking for chubby, stocky friends, then maybe more. Bob seeks no correspondence and is in a closed relationship.

PAGE 45 -**MR. CLASS**: 60, 5'-10", 260#, Ohio, single. Likes antiques, music, flea markets. Looking for long-term relationship. Can relocate. **SONSDEDDY**: 58, 5'-11", 210#, Alexandria, VA, single. Likes cooking, motorcycles, movies, pianos, music, thrift stores. Looking for 30 to 50, hairy, clean-shaven, for a romantic, passionate, fun-loving LTR.

PAGE 46 -**MICHAEL**: See bio for page 1.

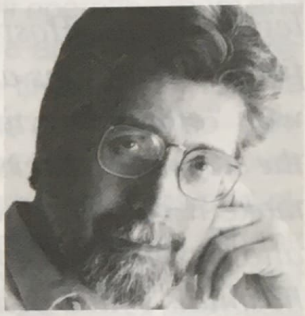
PAGE 67 - **COEMAN**: 52, 5'-10", 245#, Midwest, in a new closed relationship. Previous bio in CR 96 is now revised.

PAGE 78 - **SANTA STEVE** : See bio for page 38.

PAGE 79 & SECOND COVER - **DICK n NH**: 57, 6 ft., 235#, New England, single. Likes music, movies, travel, kissing, cuddling, hugging, nudism, sunbathing. Looking for friendship with bears, 40s - 50s. Likes single life at the moment, but if the right person comes along, that could change.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

MIKE DEVEAU : 46, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with.



MANNY : 51, 6'-3", 245#, Maryland, single. Seriously looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, bearded, husky, stocky, hairy bear, daddy, or daddybear, 50+.

PHOTOMAN is a 51-year-old silverfox and bear hunter with preferences for burly and husky men over 55.
E-mail:
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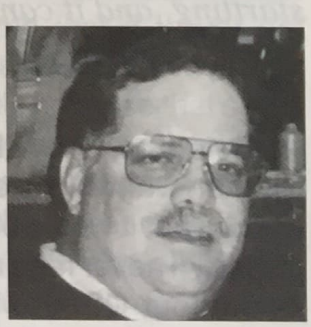

TOMCAT: Late 40s, Mississippi, partner to CR icon THE COLONEL. He is a burly ex-marine who loves to write truck stop stories and shoot photos of burly, older men.

dialogue

When I published HARM on our website, I hoped that a few guys might benefit from our experience. As I saw it, if I saved just one elder CR Family member from useless pain and suffering, then all the endless hours of research and pounding the keys would have been worth it. To my utter amazement, the piece has generated a fire storm, but not necessarily within our own readership. The companion piece about the surgeon has appeared high on major search engine lists, and a high desert specialist told me that many local doctors have read it. Most certainly, the doctors identified in the article have read it, no doubt wondering if they have any legal options. Hospital owners and administrators have referred me to their risk management firms, whose jobs are to determine what I've got on them. I've had late-night conversations with "ethics detectives" (obviously disguised as risk management investigators) representing the hospital owners. Of the five complaints I filed against doctors, only two have failed to make it past case worker bureaucrats. The other three cases have been turned over to the attorney general's office, where they could be taken on or declined. Time will tell. Of the two hospitals I filed against, one has been exonerated because of missing and altered documents, but the records they did retain substantiates our most serious charges against two doctors. And yes, the separate California agency that handles hospital complaints will so state that little fact in writing--so assures the R.N. I spoke to, who is equally sickened by what she saw when she visited the hospital during her investigation.

The surgeon involved, Kenneth P. Burres, has just been placed on seven years probation stemming from a 10-patient complaint filed in October, 1998. One of the conditions of his probation is that he will lose his license if a subsequent complaint is filed by the attorney general's office. Our complaint sits on some prosecutor's desk awaiting action. If it gets filed, Kenny is history in California, and some other state will have to put up with his carnage.

Almost all our forum mail was about HARM and/or Bruce's health. That's never happened before. We've never seen so many letters describing such horrifying medical negligence. It is startling, and it can happen to any of us. PHC

HARM

Before my lover almost died, I never wanted to even think about what it would be like without him. I never read any of your stuff about CPR or aspirin. I skipped over the letters from the grieving subscribers. Downer! I kept planning the cruises, the vacations to Munich and Athens and Bangkok. I convinced myself that by doing so and never thinking about the bad stuff that life would go on and on, happily ever after. Imagine my feelings of helplessness when my partner had a heart attack in September. I didn't know CPR. There was not an aspirin in the house. Luckily the paramedics got there quickly and got him to a hospital within the "golden hour.". I didn't have the power of attorney, and his holy daughter boxed me out. He had an emergency triple bypass, then

he came down with a very bad lung infection and almost didn't make it. He's home now, the daughter has been written out of his will, I have a durable power of attorney, and we both have just finished reading HARM. Had I read it earlier and had a power of attorney, things would have turned out much differently. Both of us are taking a CPR course together. We still have a positive outlook on life and have every intention of cherishing many more years together, but we know that the dark days are inevitable and never far removed. The difference is that we won't be caught off guard, thanks to CR. It's okay to publish this if you like, but please don't use my real name or address. Rick/Florida

I'm a retired orthopedic surgeon who stumbled upon your web site and got caught up in your hot button article. I'm so very happy that I retired when I did. I've never heard of your surgeon, but I have known too many like him. The fact that your partner survived all that is amazing, given his age, his existing health problems, and the fact that you were unfortunate enough to get stuck in perhaps the worst hospital in Southern California. I've enjoyed a long association with a very fine hospital where fatal errors are rare and surgical mortality rates are among the lowest in the region. You live in a state where doctors are rarely disciplined. Virtually every doctor I know who got into licensing trouble here moved to Southern California. Most of them will have to settle for affiliations with some of the lowest rated hospitals, but they can still swing a weekend home in Palm Springs and a new Mercedes. Hospitals are like restaurants: some are 5-star; some are one cockroach away from being closed. According to a data base I have access to, the hospitals you dealt with in Chino and Montclair have poor mortality rates for heart attacks and strokes, which usually indicates a poor rate of surgical complications as well. Your primary physician—aware of your condition and the life-threatening nature of a delay—abandoned his oath when he refused to intervene against your transfer to Montclair. To me, that was immoral, but I guarantee you that California will not see it that way. They might slap the wrist of the surgeon, but the others will get by unscathed. Such is the state of medicine in this country. When the smoke clears, all that will be left behind is your fine article, which will be read for years to come. You won't change the sorry state of health care, but you will teach thousands how to protect themselves and avoid dying prematurely. Dr. Who/Chicago

Hi Pat. A voice from the past. Remember me? First off I'm impressed with your web sight. It's out of the ordinary. Congratulations! As I was going down the health issues and how careless doctors and hospital help can be, I realized how long it has been since I last talked to you.. I've had a double bypass surgery and both carotid arteries operated on in a period of two years. Never thought I'd ever have to go through those operations. They happen to other people not me, yeah right! I don't want to bore you with my medical problems, but your article touched on it. After the bypass I had at a very prestigious Hospital here in Maryland I had to spend five weeks in a nursing home. I caught some strange germ in their operating room and had to have antibiotics intravenous three times a day for five weeks. The germ was so dangerous that it tended to hover around the heart valves and ultimately destroy them. Thank God I didn't know a lot of that until later. Sometimes ignorance is bliss and sometime it isn't. So I have a niece that had not been a lawyer very long but she was with a good firm and trying to handle a medical malpractice case for me. She got all my hospital records which looked like a telephone book, and proceeded to get started on it. What a mistake. I don't know why but she told me it would be hard to prove and that I did sign papers that I wouldn't hold them responsible. She tells me that if I ever got anything out of it, I could pass it on in my will, because that's how long it would take to get anything out of them. You know one lies and the other swears to it. We know how tight the ethic code amongst doctors is. So they got away with almost killing me and messed up my life. I had figured

I would be in the Hospital at the most ten days. Then they have the balls to try and charge me over and above what my insurance paid. I have the best one of the Blue Cross plans. Every time I think of it I just get livid. So maybe this might help someone else that thinks the medical profession is God-like. I could go on and on but I think I got my point over. I've lost track of the CR Family. Still hear from a couple guys.. I hope you and Bruce are healthy and happy as well as your kids. The best to all of you. A.J. ESQUIRE/Maryland

People think I'm nuts, but I hear that a lot of Americans who warned about Hitler in the late thirties were branded as neurotic commies. So what is the "final solution" for the ever-increasing number of aging Baby Boomers? According to *Modern Maturity* it's all about politics and getting Medicare to pay for drugs. They don't discuss the horrific level of health care for those elders who are on their own. In your article you gave your local hospital the benefit of the doubt. You're kidding, right? Afraid to piss off the only decent hospital in your area? In actuality, there is an unwritten and unspoken edict: *Do not resuscitate if the patient is over 70 and his family is not present.* Your partner's "overlooked" downward spiral was septic shock--any nurse's aid could have diagnosed it. The only reason he is alive today is that you intervened. Blue Dog/Houston (retired R.N.)

I'm an emergency room R.N. in a level one trauma center on the East Coast. Kudos to you and your medical consultant. As far as I'm concerned, anyone over 65 or anyone with serious health problems shouldn't be having elective surgery in today's hospitals. The odds of survival are just not what patients are being told. In New York there is a multi-drug-resistant tuberculosis epidemic going on, but the public isn't aware that it can be contracted in a hospital as easily as in a cockroach and rat-infected slum. We have an entire hospital here where we detain (lock up) T.B. patients until they are cured. And the only cure is a highly toxic cocktail of very nasty tasting antibiotics--so nasty, in fact, that some patients would rather face death than the cure. Thus, the detention. I understand that they are doing it in England as well, and that such will be the norm if this epidemic persists. Many HIV-infected patients are coming down with T.B. after hospital treatments for HIV. A staggering 88,000 patients died in the U.S. last year of hospital contracted bacterial infections. The bacteria that's doing the most damage is Staphylococcus Aureus, or Staph A, which infects over 80,000 hospital patients a year. Not even the antibiotic of last resort, the highly toxic Vancomycin, can stop it if it gets into the bloodstream. Look at it in this very scary way: Medical errors kill 100,000 patients each year in the U.S. Infections kill 88,000. These figures don't overlap, because infections are never proven to be medical errors. (Trust me: they are!) And what of the patients who survive the medical errors and the toxic antibiotics and eventually die of complications due to organ damage? Ain't no figures for those people. If I have surgery, it will be at a hospital with a very low mortality rate, and I will make sure my doctor orders blood and urine cultures right after surgery, along with the standard blood tests, to see what might be colonizing inside my body and what the little bugs might be resistant to. Charlie Catheter/East Coast

Dear Bruce: I do not know you, but I know very much of you, through your being the beloved life-partner of Patrick. I am a new recruit to the ranks of CR, having taken out my first subscription December last. That came about because I was given an old copy dated June, 1990. In it was a small header article called, "Greetings from Casa de Luna." The closing paragraph reads, and I quote: "On June 20th, The Friar and I will celebrate our fifth anniversary. It has been the five swiftest and sweetest years of my life; sometimes I can sense the sun moving faster, ignoring my plea to slow down. No sage need tell us that these are the most significant years of our lives, and sharing preeminence with the ecstasy is a feeling of responsibility to you readers. We'll always share our joy with you. Pat & The Friar." So, my point in

writing to you is this: As you have a responsibility to your readers, and sharing your joy, by the same token we readers MUST share your sadness and hurt. You give us everything we "like" In CR. So the least we can do in response to your present hurting is to wish you back to good health and offer up prayers on your behalf. After all, on June 20th you will have celebrated your 15th year of a truly loving relationship. Please get well, Bruce, as I want to read about your celebrations with dear Pat. This is a stressful time for you both, but I'm sure that with all our loving thoughts and wishes flowing into your inner being, you will rise up strong again. I fell in love with you when I first saw your photo in that old mag. I don't doubt that many another man has also fallen for you. Pat is your true love, so I love you from afar. PAX VOBISCUM/England

Edward, my lover of over 45 years, had a similar problem with a hospital on Staten Island. He was erroneously diagnosed last November with the flu and released 5 days later. While being released a doctor advised that he should take a colonscopy, which he did one week later as an outpatient. The result was a diagnosis of colon cancer. The doctor suggested surgery, but Edward was concerned about his heart due to his age and insisted upon seeing a cardiologist first. Later, during a stress test, the cardiologist left the room and was late getting back to Edward. By that time, Edward was having pains he'd never had before and was near collapse. While in the hospital awaiting surgery, another cardiologist determined that the previous cardiologist had given Ed a prescription for a medication that would have killed him in the doses prescribed. If that wasn't bad enough, it was determined that Ed didn't have colon cancer, so he was discharged. But he had to enter the hospital a second time in February because he became confused and couldn't remember where he was or the names of his family. He'd had a stroke and was in the hospital for 7 days. During that time, he was denied a social worker and his I.V. and monitor stand was broken. Contrary to his doctor's orders to stay in bed, a nurse told him he had to go to the bathroom and couldn't use a bedpan. She refused to disconnect him so that he could go to the bathroom, so he had to do it himself. When orders were finally straightened out, it took the nurse assistants 2 hours to give him a bedpan, and then he was denied toilet paper. He was ordered to get out of bed and walk for therapy, but no walkers or even canes were available. At one point Edward had a roommate who was smoking in bed illegally, but the staff wouldn't stop him. Ed wanted me to write to you and tell you of our experience. He also wanted to give you and Bruce his best wished and a speedy recovery. The bills have accumulated and there is no money to pay them. They still keep coming. Ed passed away on November 1st. He died as he wished: at home in the arms of his lover. I.W./New York

ON HARM AND MORE

Dear Mr. Colley, I just read your article "HARM" and the emotion it provoked in me, in conjunction with my thoughts toward you and Bruce over the past few years, have compelled me to offer my thanks to you and Bruce. I regret that I do not have any additional ammunition for you to bury the lunatic doctor with. I was quite moved with your vigilant efforts in taking care of Bruce throughout the seemingly endless fallacy of medical care. My brother died a few years ago at age 40 of septicemia, after having both arms and legs amputated below the elbows/knees in a futile attempt to stem the infection. It was the most horrific thirty days of my entire family's lives. My family and I learned not to take no for an answer while dealing with difficult hospital staff. I determined then (along with a strong-willed sister) that I would not be ignored or not reckoned with by an apathetic, inattentive, too busy, arrogant, you name the adjective, doctor, nurse, orderly or otherwise. Being nice works most of the time, but being insistent works when nice doesn't. That said, I can only imagine the difficulty of being there for the one I love, with the weight/baggage of the religious right revel-

ing in my legal difficulty at trying to exercise a power of attorney.

I thank you now and tell you what I've wanted to say for a few years now but have not due to a reluctance or fear of beginning a dialogue. I've put it off for three years now—as I am a 37 year old committed to an elder statesman of 62 for 6 years now—here comes the excuse part of this—I am an active duty military officer (like Bruce was) and must be very discreet. I must tell you that I happened upon CR about three years ago, and to put it mildly, it has been a source of strength—knowing that I'm in good company, all over the place. I'm not alone, my love is not alone, despite two lives (a combined 100 years at this point) who've only known one love—that for each other. I've always been drawn to the elder father/grandfather type and I thank God that I found a loving yet hopelessly closeted, partner. Believe it or not, I'm his first and only love (not because of any great, innate qualities of mine). He repressed, repressed, repressed and only had a handful of very empty one-hour stands, adolescent forays prior to meeting me at 56. I had been with one Church youth director and two college professors for brief periods and thought I might grow out of it. The more I thought that over the years the less likely that became. As for my love, I hope to be able to attend to his needs (to the degree which you did with Bruce) as time dwindles his ability to get around. Fortunately, he is very good health, skiing about 60-70 days each winter in the heyday of his retirement. I'm pretty sure both our families know we are more than just casual friends since we spend so much of our time together and we're both lifelong bachelors who've never had a girlfriend. Unfortunately, my job depends upon my quiet denial of that which most profoundly defines who I am. Despite my silence, CR has enabled me to strengthen a resolve that I first bought into about 8 years ago. I discovered CR at a book store. I think it was CR 86 maybe. I was blown away. I've known (at the visceral level) I was gay since I was an adolescent. I denied and attempted to change my orientation through active reinforcement: halfhearted dating, whores, the whole military bravado nonsense. Until I met a young Lesbian peer who was bold. She was the peer recognized "best" amongst us young lieutenants then and because she was good, she had a voice, outspoken as she was. We all knew where she stood. In a drunken state one night, I confided to her my secret. That sowed the initial seeds of my resolve. As a side note, she ultimately resigned from the service, amidst an investigation wherein she refused to deny her Lesbianism. In my two years of co-working with her I ultimately surmised that I would not deny to myself what I would keep silent about to those around me.

It was shortly later that I met the man I currently love, a retired US Navy officer. Whatever possessed me to pursue him; the lingering look, eyes that didn't look away, I'm not sure. But I boldly followed him from a gym overseas to a military hotel; I introduced myself. We did dinner, found out we had a mutual interest in the dogs who loved us unconditionally, and ultimately fell in love. He was overseas for a conference, I was due to rotate, and after 6 months of long distance relationship, I finagled my way to Hawaii where he lived and we resided together for two plus years. Then, I was sent to school for a year and have been stationed elsewhere since. He has since retired a second time (after 40 plus years of government service). Now, unfortunately we have a long distance relationship. He keeps my dog while I'm deployed (she should have frequent flyer miles), visits me for about 10-21 days every 3-4 months and I take my annual leave with him.

I apologize for going on. I truly only have him and a handful of confidants, counting the one female ex-officer, to talk to. I do have a few websites and magazines which have kept me abreast of the fact that I am not alone. I regret that I can no longer buy CR in the local (70 miles away) bookstore. I truly understand your reason for not distributing that way any more. I am afraid to get on any mailing lists. I anonymously travel the 70 miles every 2-4 months and am in and out within 3-4 minutes. I know exactly what I want, grab it and leave, hoping like crazy I'm not spotted by a Nazi. Paranoid

though it seems, I want to be able to retire in 5 years and spend my pension taking care of the one I love, writing perhaps, skiing.

I offer you my thanks for the labor of love that CR and your relationship with Bruce represents. I draw strength from your works. I hope to ultimately get into a position where I can freely make a positive impact on folks' lives. I have to say I believe in being true to ourselves. God knows, being gay has caused years of endless introspection, hoping through another analytic review that the results would be wrong and that the same-sex attraction would be lifted and replaced by the culturally mandated heterosexuality. I am now resolved to being gay; I thank God for being gay, the beautiful gay folks like yourself, Jaron at Apollonetwork, etc. who've provided a forum, an outlet for folks to see that we are not alone. We are normal. We're not all yelling "We're here, we're queer, get used to it!" Some of us are quiet homebodies who prefer to be home with a masculine elder. We don't care that they don't fit the insurance companies' description of height/weight proportionate. People are people. People deserve to be loved; gay men deserve better than our culture and society have provided. And particularly, older gays who've been dutiful and quiet about that annoying affliction that was best left unspoken about. Those are the men who deserve our attention. You've given that to them.

I now find that my only access to CR is your website. I miss your magazine but for my own fears believe not having a subscription is best for now. I appreciate what you've done. I wish you, Bruce and the three kids the very best.

Again my apologies for the stream of consciousness approach. You didn't ask for this. I suppose I needed it. Warm regards and heartfelt appreciation. Love, J.

FAME

You are right about being recognized. I was greeted by a guy in Safeway, and he worked in a book store. He asked if CR had gone out of business, and I told him, "Of course not!" A few years ago, in the same store, someone yelled out, "CHUCKEE!" It was a young man who wanted to buy my groceries and drive me to his place. He was coming on too strong, so I begged off. I was surprised when the checkout lady whispered to me: "When you got it, you got it!" CHUCK/San Francisco

THE OLYMPICS

Here it's Olympics, Olympics, and then some. Went to see the wrestling on Wednesday and still haven't recovered. All those big, hunky old coaches. We were sitting down the front, right behind the Hungarian team. Their senior coach had the seat in front of me. He kept standing up and shouting. Everyone around was screaming at him to sit down, but he didn't. I was pleased because his big fat butt was about a foot from my face and wiggled as he jumped around. John made me sit on my hands and had to keep wiping drool off my chin. I don't know who won that bout, but the gold medal should have gone to the coach's butt. Love, COCKATOO REX/Australia

IF YOU THINK THAT CR HAS DONE SOMETHING TO BENEFIT YOUR LIFE AND WANT TO THANK US, WE HAVE A MUCH BETTER IDEA: DO SOMETHING FOR THE CR FAMILY. ADOPT JUST ONE ELDERLY SOUL AND BE THERE FOR HIM.

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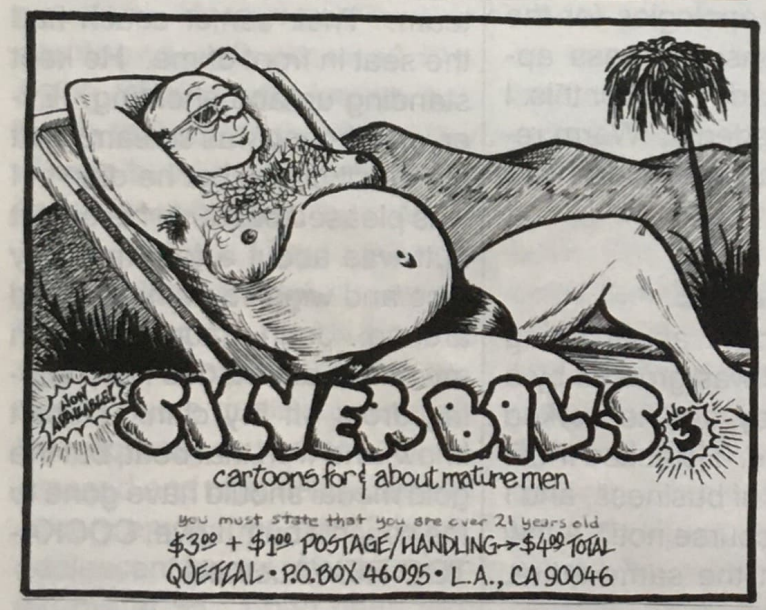
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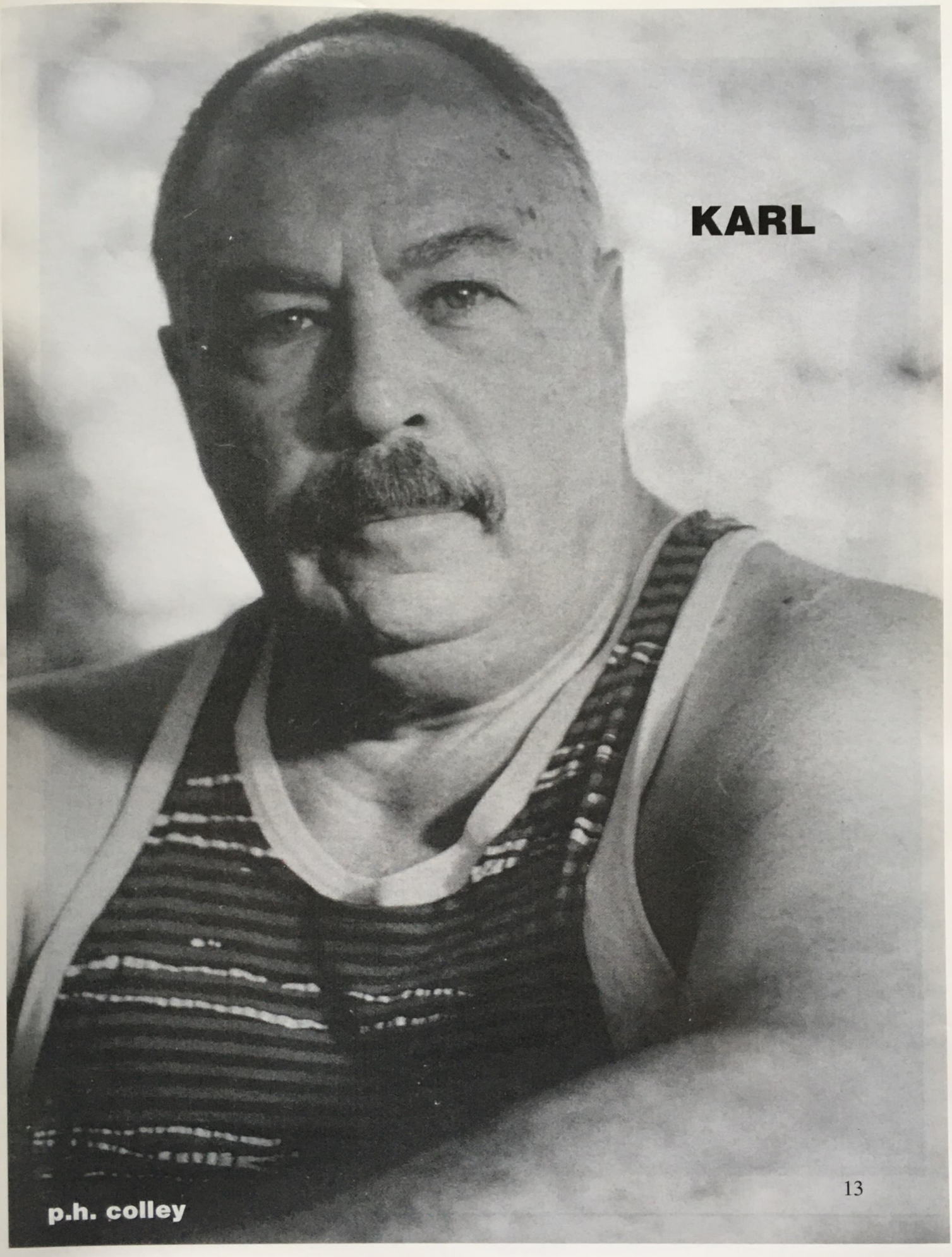
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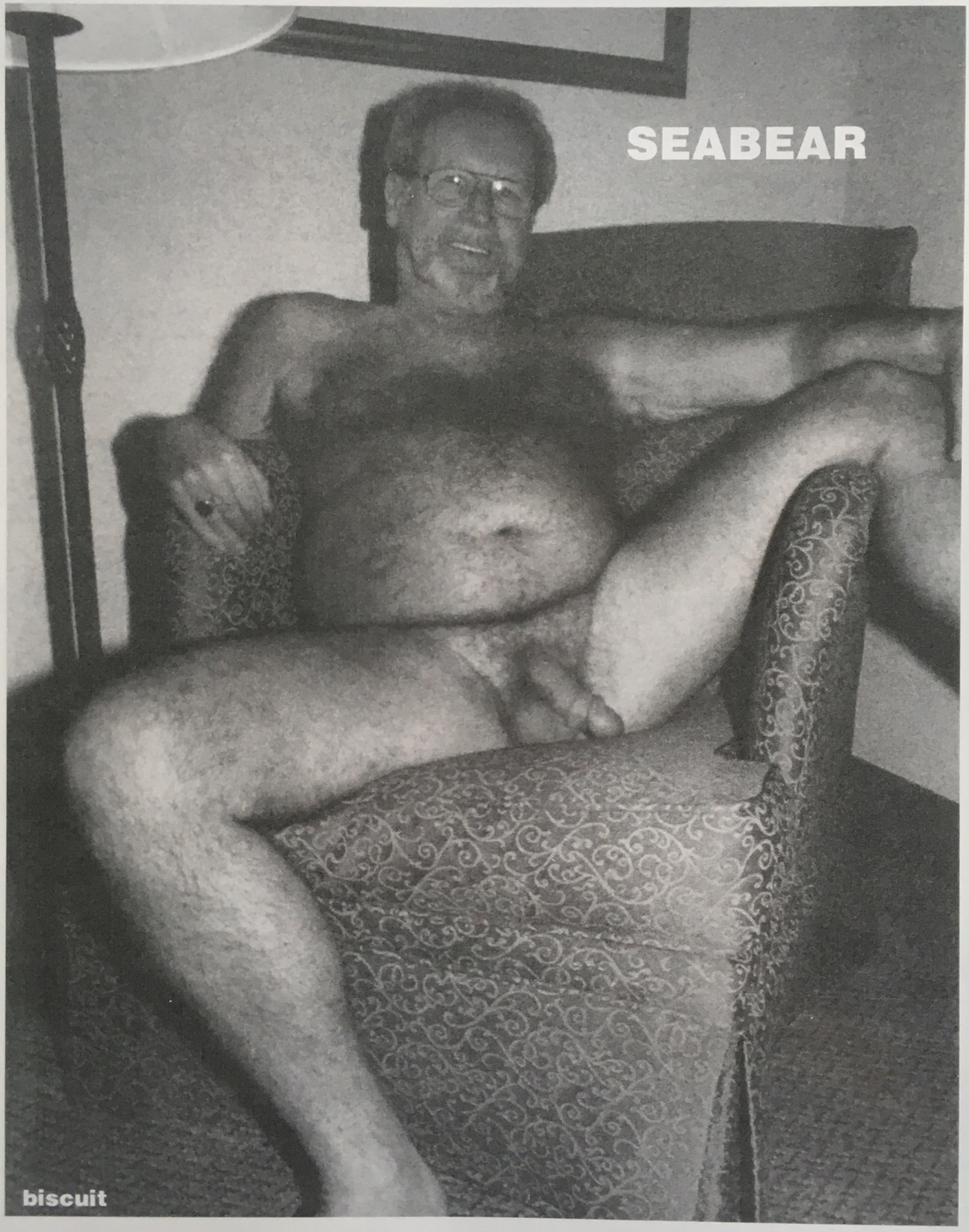
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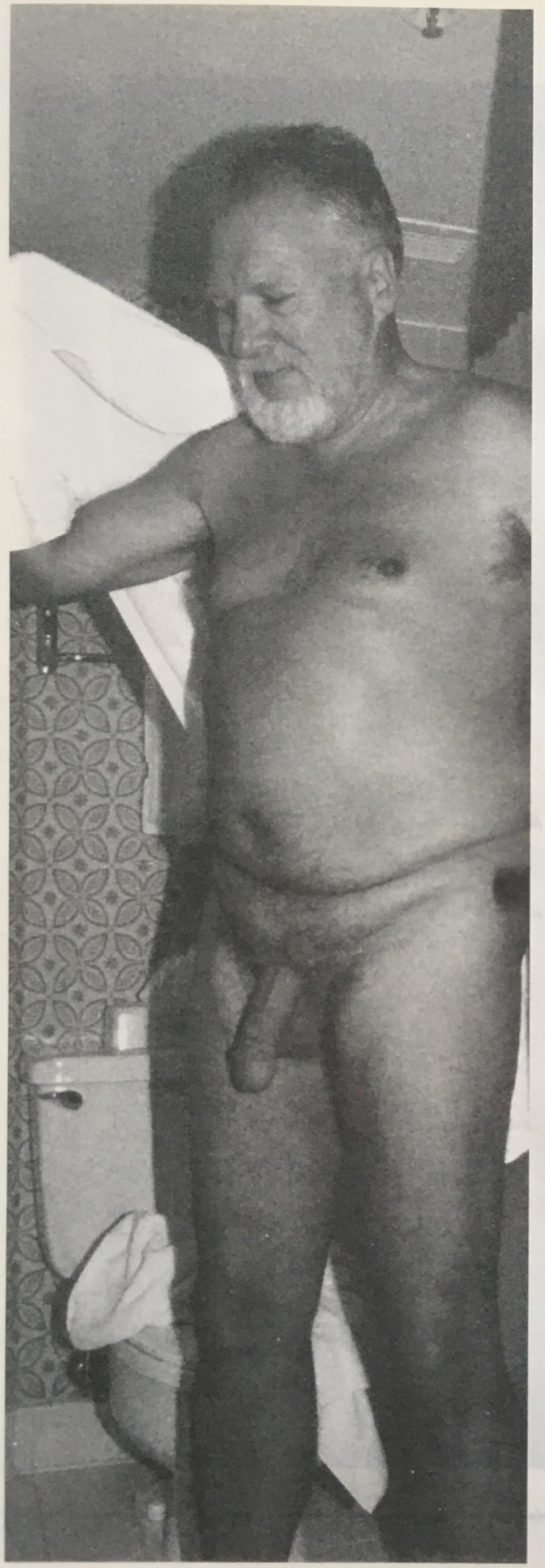

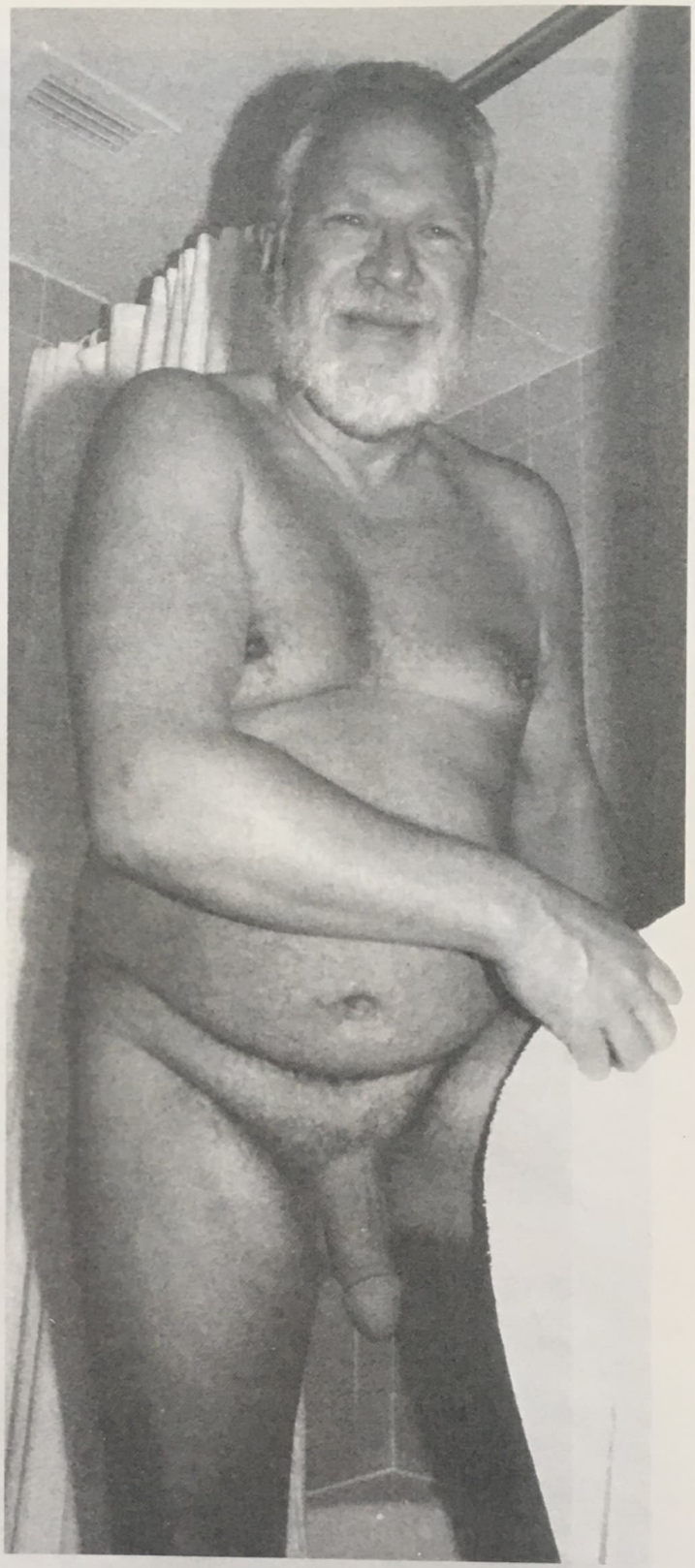

photos by BISCUIT

BE A CR MODEL AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE

At CR we don't believe in the words "ugly" or "unattractive." We insist that no one is too fat or too skinny. Too tall? Bull shit! Too short? Our most popular models are short and chubby. And don't EVER say you're too old. Not for THIS magazine!

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted, HIGH QUALITY 35 mm color or black and white photo of yourself. Do not send marginal snapshots; Polaroids; sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation; photos with half your head or penis missing; portraits of yourself standing too far away; or prints with spots, lines, or ink marks that shouldn't be there. No electronic images, please.

Photos are not returned unless we are requested to do otherwise. If you want your photograph returned, SEND FOR IT AFTER IT IS PUBLISHED AND PROVIDE AN SASE.

The following form is required in order to have your photograph(s) featured in CR. Carefully write your name on the back of each submitted photograph and blot so that ink does not get on front of photo.

TO: CR
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393

FROM: _____

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Patrick H. Colley. It is understood that Patrick H. Colley shall retain the copyright to such photography for a period of one year from the date of publication in CR, and model agrees not to allow the publication of same elsewhere during that period. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ____. it is understood that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of the publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age: _____: Height: _____: Weight _____: Area of Residence: _____

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I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the covers of CR.

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I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of THIS photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of THIS photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____

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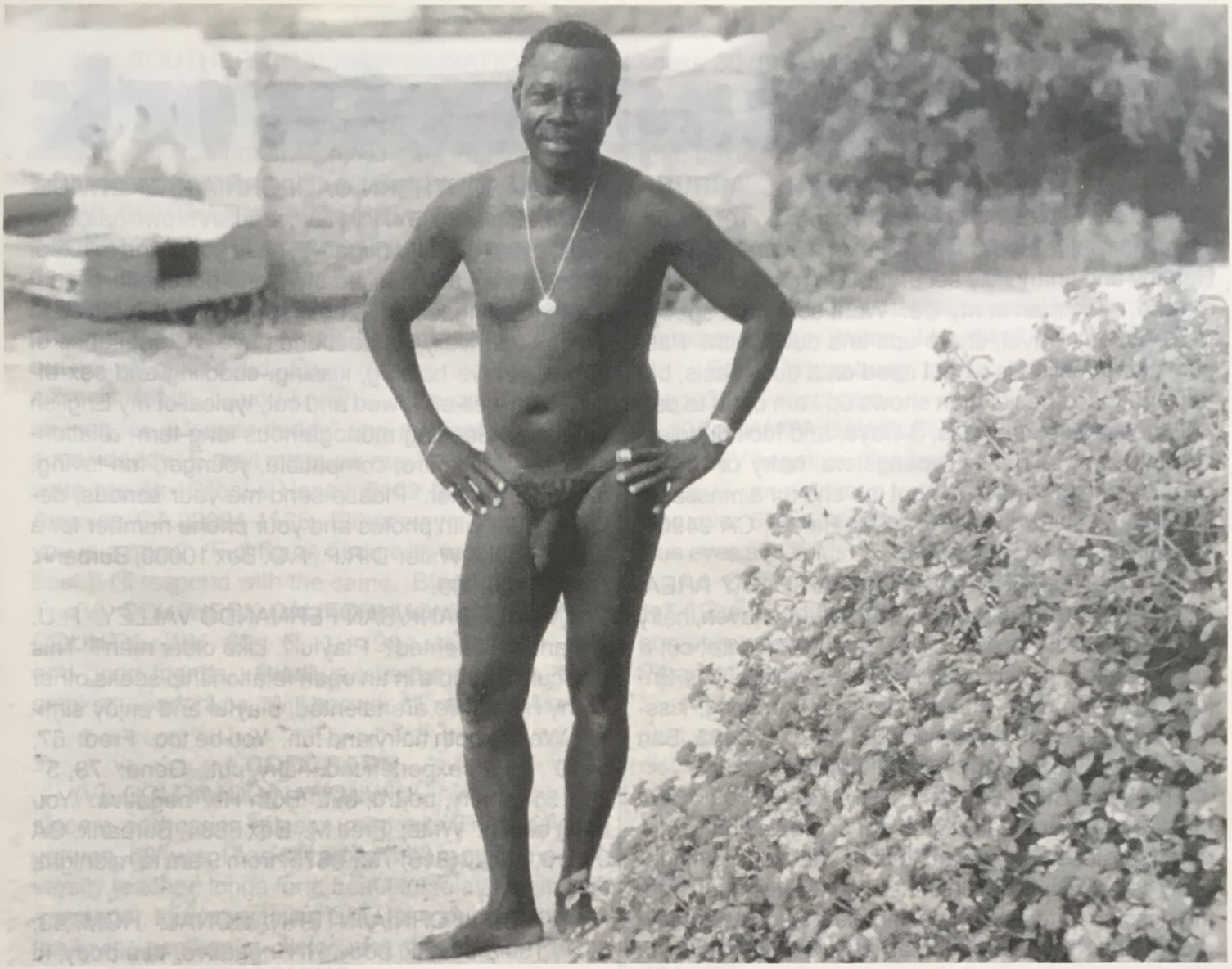
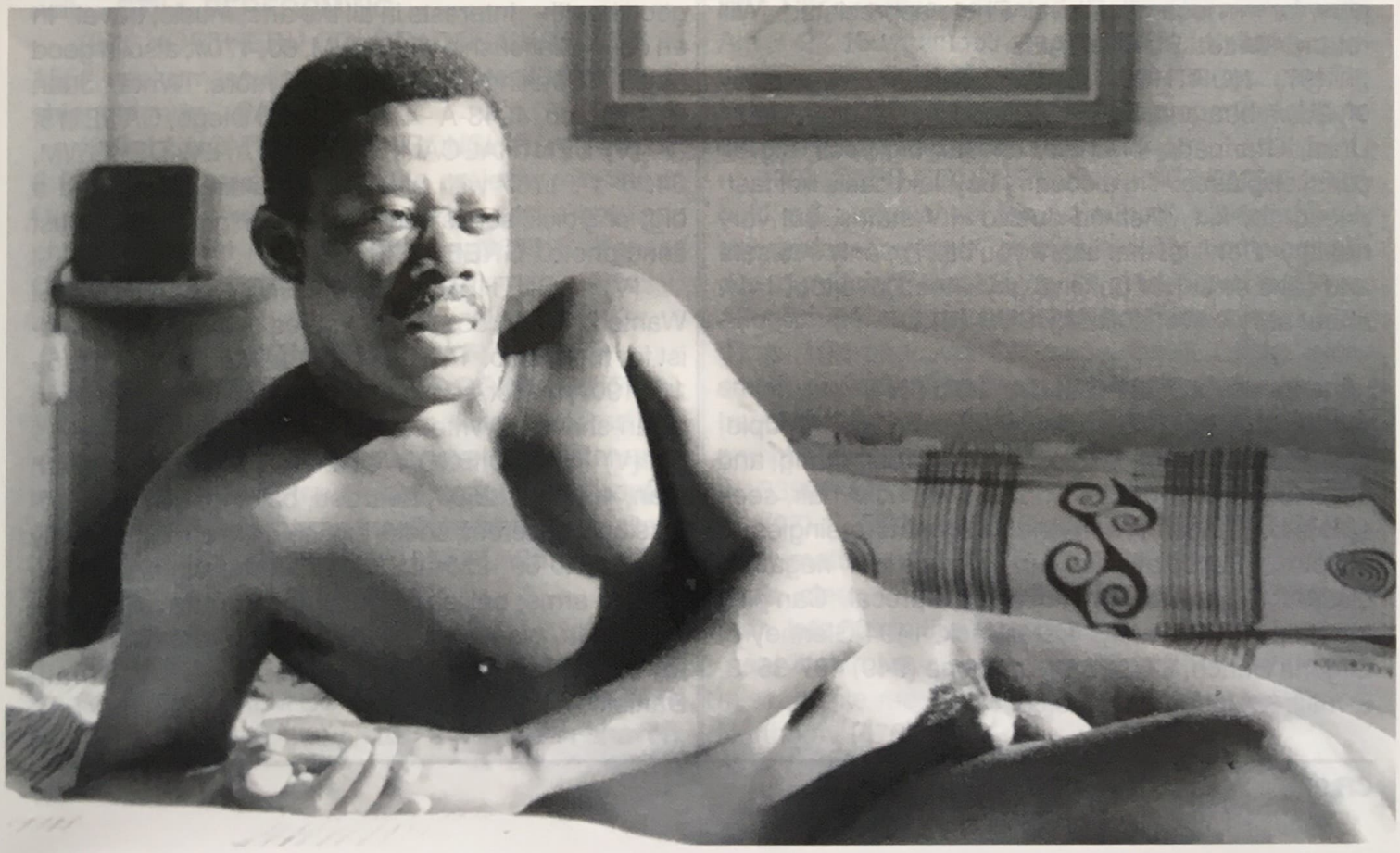




the contact network

CALIFORNIA-NORTH

(V) BAY AREA: 71 years young, 5'-10", 190#, white hair, blue eyes, smooth skin, "average" build. Healthy and financially secure, but in need of another mature, sexy man in my life. Want someone special to sleep, eat, travel, share ups and down with. Passion and affection is what I need on a daily basis, but until that one special man shows up I am open to dating, massage exchanges, 3-ways, and fuck buddies. Not into drugs, please, youngsters, hairy or "hung" men. Come join me in the hot tub and for a massage. Bill Jones, 21 Portofino Rd., San Rafael, CA 94901. E-mail: *billwjones@aol.com*

(V) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/SF BAY AREA: GWM, 5'-7", 160#, 63, brown hair, clean-shaven, hairy chest, physically active, clean, honest, sincere, cut & sexy, healthy, nonsmoker/drinker, HIV negative. Enjoy movies, music, theater, dancing, cuddling, kissing, intimate sex. Write: J.H., P.O. Box 23493, San Jose, CA 95153. E-mail: heathbarr6@aol.com

(97) 35 SEEKING 64+: GM, 35, 5'-10", 155#, black eyes, black hair. Little dark complexion. Educated, professional, clean, loving, affectionate, financially secure. Like ocean, music, quiet evenings, reading, kissing, cuddling. Seeking clean, educated, loving, caring, honest gentleman over 64, little heavy a plus, for monogamous love. Photo appreciated. Will return. Write: **SUNNYVALE**

(97) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 48, 5'-9", 200#, bearcub, Fr A/P, Gr P, looking for older Dads, Unks, Grandads--big hairy chests, big pecs, big biceps, all pluses. I'm a country boy, laid back, not fast-paced city kid. Retired due to HIV status, but very healthy. Don't let that scare you off. I'm only into safe and sane sex. HIV positive guys need love too. How about a try? Write: **BEARCUB BILL**

CALIFORNIA-SOUTH

(V) LAGUNA BEACH/NATIONWIDE: Couple, sexually open relationship, 60, 5'-9", 160#, hung, and 67, 5'-8", 185#, very hairy, both with facial hair, seek safe sex/friendship with energetic mature singles or couples. Especially like fur. We are HIV negative, discreet, particularly oral, tit and reciprocal. Can play together or separately. Peter/Jack, 1494 Glenneyre, Laguna Beach, CA 92651, or phone (949) 497-3548. E-mail: wolf.bear@home.com

(V2) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, single, 60, 5'-11", 178#, reddish/brown hair, blue eyes, clean-cut, HIV negative, easy going and relaxed. I have a very unusual life-style and occupation. I am straight acting, do not smoke, drink or get involved in drugs. I am very discreet and have a great sense of humor. I love holding, kissing, cuddling and sex often. I am well-endowed and cut, typical of my English ancestry. Seeking monogamous long-term relationship with a sincere, compatible, younger, fun-loving, romantic partner. Please send me your serious, detailed letter with photos and your phone number for a prompt reply. Write: D.R.P., P.O. Box 10009, Burbank, CA 91510-0009.

(V) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: R.U. romantic? Talented? Playful? Like older men? This masculine couple in an open relationship seeks other horny men. We are talented, playful and enjoy similar. We are both hairy and fun. You be too. Fred: 67, 5'-10", 195#, experienced, hairy, cut. Gene: 78, 5'-7", 155#, hairy, beard, cut. Both HIV negative. You must be too. Write: Fred M., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510, or call (818) 762-3675, from 9 am to midnight, PST.

(V) CALIFORNIA/INTERNATIONAL: HGM, 43, 5'-6", 150#, athletic body, HIV negative, trim body, in good health. Interests in all the arts, music, travel. In an open relationship with GWM, 80, 170#, also in good health. Seeking friendships and more. Write: Juan B. Alvarado, 4243-A - 47th St., San Diego, CA 92115.

(V) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA/STATEWIDE: GWM, 34, 6'-1", 175# with blue eyes, balding head and a big, long dick, seeks older Caucasian man, 40+. Must send photo. **GREEN GENES**

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Wanted: GWM, 55+, active retired or semiretired nudist for friendship. Photo returned. Me: GWM, 61, 5'-11", 190#, nudist, semiretired. Can travel. Nonsmoker, clean-shaven. Write: **CAL**

(V) SAN DIEGO/WORLDWIDE: German/Irish man, 46, 6'-2", 250#, bearded, balding, FURRY, professional, discreet, seeks big, chubby, strong, friendly men, 45 to 60, 250# to 350#. Prefer big shoulders, chests, arms, bellies. I enjoy theater, travel, sports, the ocean, workouts. Seeking good friends, maybe lover, if chemistry exists. E-mail: Danieles@home.com

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Big Bill, GWM, 57, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative. Enjoys sports, travel, movies, dining. Clean-shaven, nonsmoker. Likes all men. Enjoys safe sex. Write to: Bill Langley, 4622 Felton St. #2, San Diego, CA 92116.

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Los Angeles senior Bear, 5'-9", 225#, hairy, uncut, CR model, HIV negative, looking for other Senior/Bear types to correspond with. Would especially enjoy finding someone to travel with (locally or ???). I'm pretty "laid back" but not yet quite dead. Enjoy movies, theater, books, animals, food . . . you know . . . the good life. Not looking for a "sugar-daddy" and not looking to *be* a sugar-daddy. E-mail me at *silenus2@earthlink.net* or write me at: Silenus Honey, 5152 LaVista Ct., Los Angeles, CA 90004-1535. Either way . . . a picture of you is a must! (Full figure nude with face showing is best.) I'll respond with the same. Blessed be!

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/WEST ORANGE COUNTY: WM, 60s, 5'-11", 190#, seeks pen- pals and good friends. Gladly exchange photos. Nonsmoker, nondrinker. Will answer all. **ALSJCAL**

COLORADO

(V) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: If you are truly sincere and caring, please read on. This show biz veteran, 68 (yes, I can still perform!!!), and former university teacher, longs for a beautiful relationship with a younger, trim, masculine GM. I am an honest, kind, fun-loving gentleman. Relocating considered. Please write: **STILL PERFORMING**

(97) NORTHERN COLORADO: GWM, 43, 6 ft., 155#, seeks masculine and strong male, 60+ for friendship and more. **PAWNEE**

(98) LONG-TERM RELATIONSHIP: GWM, 62, 6 ft., 200#, seeks younger top male to relocate to Denver. Enjoy theater, travel, hiking, etc. Photo and phone gets fast reply. J. Counts, 9605 E. Kansas Circle #54, Denver, CO 80231.

CONNECTICUT

(97) CONNECTICUT DAVE: DGWM, 73, 5'-11", 175#, good health and shape. Looking for retired professional lover, church oriented or spiritual, interested in camping, sailing, travel, gay cruises and conferences. Share thoughts and feelings first. Write: Dave K., 65 Water St., Guilford, CT 06437. Phone: (203) 453-1395.

FLORIDA

(V) WEST PALM BEACH/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 73, 5'-10", 240#, clean-shaven, seeks 50-70 GWM for friendship, correspondence. Tall, muscular drink/drug-free nonsmoker a plus. Varied interests include swimming, cooking, nutrition, theater, travel. Loyalty and discretion assured. **KOOKABURRA**

(V) ST. PETERSBURG: Hispanic (Venezuelan), masculine, clean-cut, 47, 5'-9", 160#, gymnast body, hung, educated, charming, in search of stocky, burly seniors over 60 to exchange sensual letters, laughs, pictures, ideas. Write: J.H., 1417 Winchester Rd., N., St. Petersburg, FL 33710; e-mail: *JHigu35573@aol.com*

(V) TAMPA BAY/FLORIDA: GWM, 51, 5'-11", 189#, HIV negative. I've been in an open relationship with a 75-year-old man for 11 years. Looking for Daddies over 57 for friendship and play. Gray hair and blue eyes are a plus. E-mail me at: *PaxPars@aol.com*

(V) SIXTY N' SINGIN' - S.W. Florida, mid-60s, 5'-11", 190#, good tan, semiretired, seeking mate desirous of relocating to Florida. Share mobile home in Paradise. **SIXTY N SINGIN**

(V) FT. MYERS: GWM, 45, 6'-1", 208#, intelligent, good-looking, masculine, athletic, tan, 7-1/2 cut, discreet, HIV negative, Fr and Gr A & P. Love to cuddle. Seeks same who is 58-75, virile, distinguished, good build, very HAIRY! Also want to hear from STRETCH II, JEFF WHITE, TANGO, JACK B. TECUMSEH, please. Photos-letters to J.J.K., 9209 Coral Isle Way, Ft. Myers, FL 33919.

(V) GULF COAST FLORIDA: Man-loving 68 yo WM, HIV negative, educated. Retired for many years. Am 5'-9", 160#, smooth body, 5-1/2" cut. Enjoy cuddling, conversation, health, no smoke/drugs, seeking similar man, 55-75, height/weight in proportion. Photo exchanged. Write **QOF**

(99) CAPE CORAL/FLORIDA: GWM, 68, 230#, bald, s & p mustache, tan, hairy body, retired university professor, single, enjoy traveling, camping, nudity, gardening, theater, cooking, woodworking, etc. Affectionate, outgoing, enjoy lots of body contact, cuddling. HIV negative, CR model DIXIE DICK. Nonsmoker, nondrinker. Seeing friends in my new home, travel companions to share expenses and fun. Letter and photos to: Dick, 30 S.E. 23rd Place, Cape Coral, FL 33990-1453, or e-mail: *dixiedick69@yahoo.com*

(97) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Sexy mature man, 73, 5'-8", 178#, brown hair, blue eyes, clean-shaven, well-endowed, seeks mature man, late 50s to 80s for a beautiful relationship and a great life. Live alone in my own home. You can't miss. Write me: Joseph Coll, 509 La Playa Circle, Northport, FL 34287.

(98) FLORIDA: GWM, 70, 210#, 5'-10", non-smoker/drinker, enjoys good company, quiet evenings. Seeking a mature sex partner for games, etc. Will share photo. Write: **JOETOO**

GEORGIA

(V) GEORGIA/FLORIDA/SOUTHEAST: 58, 170#, 5'-11", blue eyes, silver hair/moustache, Greek passive, semiretired, seeks mature, masculine, aggressive gentleman. Interested in becoming acquainted and developing a friendship first, then possibly a monogamous, intimate relationship. Share part-time entrepreneurial venture, such as organic herbs, bee pollen, green tea. Enjoy performing arts (opera, ballet, symphony, theater), travel. Write: Herbal Den, P.O. Box 424, Sparta, GA 31087, or call (706) 444-0611.

(V) ATLANTA: GM, 54, 5'-11", 170#, blue eyes, dark black hair, thick six-inches cut, seeking all big and heavy older seniors, ages 55-90, with huge, round overhanging bellies, weight from 310# - 380#. Seeking any race. Enjoy hugging, kissing, fondling, Greek top, French A-P, mutual J/O. Your nude photos with phone get prompt reply. Hozie James, P.O. Box 17994, Atlanta, GA 30316.

(V) ROSWELL: GWM, 83, 5'-10", 220#, brown eyes, gray/white hair, 5" cut, widower, retired teacher, affectionate, masculine, seeking nonsmoker, no drugs, moderate drinker, 60-85, for friendship, pen-pal and more. Enjoy hugging kissing, fondling, mutual J/O, French A/P. Your photo and phone number get prompt reply. Write: **ROBI**

ILLINOIS

(V) CHICAGO AREA: 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 69-year-old Grandaddy Bear Top wants a big, strong, heavy-set, athletic, cub bear, bottom son. Hairy or smooth okay. J.L., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60161.

INDIANA

(V) INDIANA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 36, 5'-9", 260# (heavy-set), nonsmoker, enjoys sports, outdoors, bowling, traveling, and flea markets. I seek GWM to share life and adventures with, and who knows what might happen. Write: J.S., P.O. Box 266, Wabash, IN 46992.

(V) NW INDIANA: GWM, 41, 5'-9", 155#. Am 50 miles SE of Chicago. Balding, salt-and-pepper, moderately hairy with goatee. I'm affectionate and masculine. Enjoy the company of husky seniors. Beards are a plus. E-mail: izakar@aol.com, or call (219) 763-3157

IOWA

(V) SOUTHEAST IOWA - NATIONWIDE: I am 41 years old of East Indian, Scots, Irish and African background, 5'-8" tall and weigh 200#. I am into Music of most kinds, sports, and old movies. I love to eat at interesting restaurants (Chinese, Italian and All American) and love to attend shows and travel. Love quiet evenings with a friend or loved one. Write: **HERB** or e-mail: bkatchay@iwc.edu

KANSAS

(V) N.E. KANSAS/NATIONWIDE: Retired 60s, 5'-10", 6" uncut, 165#, bald with close clip, many and varied interests. French active, Greek passive. Bottom in search of top, over 40. **KANSAS RUSS**

KENTUCKY

(V) KENTUCKY: GWM, 34, 5'-8", 134#, slim muscular build, brown hair, blue eyes, perfect 6-1/4 cut. Exhibitionist, loves nudity. Seeks men 50+ only! Old timers, grandfathers, seniors are welcome. Discretion is required. Must be masculine and not too heavy. Couples, clergy and married get priority. Write: Mark A. Lawson, P.O. Box 324, Shepherdsville, KY 40165.

MASSACHUSETTS

(V2) BOSTON BILL, age 70, seeks friends and social companions living near Boston. Prefer single, nonsmoker, 25-45, any race. E-mail: bostbill@ix.netcom.com P.O. Box 261, Boston, MA 02122. Visit me at :

http://bostbill.home.netcom.com

(V) BOSTON: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 174#, salt & pepper hair, nice build, chunky, hairy chest, blue eyes, nice thick legs. Seeking masculine similar for friendship and more. If you are coming to Boston, will help you with any answers on questions about the gay scene. I like theater, movies, dining out, traveling. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write: **JAKE**

(97) BOSTON TEDDY BEAR: Attractive Italian Bear, 41, 5'-9", 180#, black hair, brown eyes, and a very healthy HIV positive for 6 years. I'm very lonely. I would like to meet new people for friendship and more. I'm into Big Daddy Bears. I'm into dinner, theater, movies, weightlifting, body shaving, quiet times, kissing, cuddling, light S & M, hot sweaty sex. Enjoy outdoor activities and enjoy the nudist lifestyle year around. I will answer all sincere replies. Write: c/o Philip DeAngelo, P.O. Box 990808, Boston, MA 02199.

MICHIGAN

(V2) DETROIT AREA: late fifties, 6 ft., 180#, single. Likes men over 60, nonsmoker, light drinker, no drugs, financially secure. Interests are wide but include travel, reading, computers, movies, scuba, sports. Favorite pastime is spending time with someone special. Write: **CRLVR**, or e-mail: crlvr@aol.com

(98) MICHIGAN STATE/NATIONWIDE: GM, 30 yrs, 6'-1", 300#, light complexion, dark brown eyes, seeking beary male over the age of 28 for fun and friendship. I enjoy skating, movies, sports, music, and all of the outdoors. Send name and photo. Will get prompt reply. (734) 360-0216, or write **BIG BEAR.**

(V) N.W. SUBURBAN DETROIT: GWM, 51, 5'-8", 175#, moderately hairy, looking for nonsmoking GWM, 45-60, weight in proportion to height, moderately hairy. Have many interests--some including being home, reading, most music, musical theater, dancing, cars, and sex "with affectionate conversation." Please write: **HOMEBODY**

(V) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Single, white, youthful looking senior, 6 feet, 175 pounds, blue eyes, brown balding hair, sport well-trimmed beard. My interests are manyfold: arts, antiques, books, old cars and motorcycles, bridge, automobile trips, travel, music, theater and opera. Good cooking as well. Race and age no barrier. French active and passive; Greek active and passive. **OUTREACHING**

MINNESOTA

(V) TWIN CITIES: GWM, 54, 6'-1", 230#. Enjoy friendship with men in 50s or 60s. Prefer oral sex, no anal. Your picture gets picture of me. Write: **WAG**

MISSISSIPPI

(V) BAY ST. LOUIS: Take care of an older man. He is just fine except a little unsteady on his feet. I am 72, 5'-9", 160#, uncut. You are 50-65, over 160#, preferably uncut. Free living in a pleasant town. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(V) KANSAS CITY/NATIONWIDE: WM, early 70s, 6'-2", 210#, nonsmoker, nondrinker, looking for young man, very clean and disease-free, swimmer's build preferred, circumcised, smaller is better. E-mail: Lover1313@aol.com

NEVADA

(97) RENO BOUND? Couple, 67 and 32, seek friends. Interests include theater, travel, architecture, railroads. Rick, 815 Humboldt St., Reno, NV 89509.

NEW JERSEY

(V) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 69, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(97) SEXY SCHOLAR: My credo: my creative imagination finds great pleasure fulfilling your most capricious bizarre or fanciful eccentricities, departing from the norm. Remember, good sexual compatibility can lead to a good, long-lasting relationship. **SEXY SCHOLAR**

NEW YORK

(97) NATIONWIDE: Affectionate, playful, teasing, caring, straight-acting, educated, HIV negative GWM Daddy, 57, 5'-10", 195#, seeks ticklish, submissive, HIV negative GWM Daddy's Boy, 21-45, for LTR. Strip to your cute, tight, white briefs and snuggle up next to Daddy (or sit on his lap) for hugs, kisses, cuddling, tickling, teasing. Romp on the floor (or in bed) with Daddy; he'll tickle you till you squirm and squeal with delight. Fall asleep in Daddy's arms; he'll wake you with body kisses and a tongue bath. Massages too. Safe sex only. Relocation by either one of us possible. R.P., P.O. Box 462, New York, NY 10156.

(V) NEW YORK: GWM, 51, 5'-9", 185#, short brown hair, bald, affectionate, fun-loving, enjoys theater, movies, travel, long walks, talks, cabaret, architecture, museums, cruise ships, lots more. I seek special guy for great friendship and long relationship. Love to cuddle, kiss, massage, very romantic. I live and work in Manhattan. Looking forward to hearing from you. Please mail letter and photo with your phone number to: **LOVES TO DANCE**

(V) BROOKLYN, NY/NATIONWIDE - COUPLE: 58 and 55, in search of men with same interests, such as theater, country music, social nudity, small intimate gatherings, kissing, cuddling, mutual J/O and safe sex. No booze or smokes. 50 plus is a plus. Couples or singles. Write: **DUMPY & DAISEY**

(99) LONELY IN NEW YORK: GWM, 54, 5'-7", 200#, Fr. A/P, Gr A (virgin, but ??). Looking for heavy males. Prefer older but younger okay for friendship, sex, and possible long-term relationship. Recently lost my lover, companion, friend, lifemate of 24 years. Write with photo, nude if possible, to: J. Roger Maynard, 2854 Marshall Road, Medina, NY 14103.

(V) NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND, MIDWEST: PSGWM, 60, 5'-10", portly, hairy, affectionate, likes older men. Interests include fine arts, nature, history, sports. Can achieve multiple climax under right chemistry. Can travel some. Your photo gets prompt reply. **HONEYCREEPER**

OHIO

(V) SW OHIO: GBM (café au lait), 57, 5'-10", 210#, FrA/P, GrA, semiretired PR professional. Interests: current events, sports, documentaries, veterans' affairs, theater, explicit tapes of mature men. You: 50+, eager for friendship, cuddling, intimacy. Write: STRAC, 7745 Essington Circle, Dayton, OH 45459. E-mail: strac001@aol.com

(V) COLUMBUS: Professional GWM, average looks, 70s, 5'-7", 169#, nonsmoker, seeks romantic and affectionate gentleman who is seeking an eventual long-term relationship. Must be loving and caring, sincere, discreet. No drugs. Safe sex. I am on a fixed income and enjoy quiet times, movies, sports. Your photo will get prompt reply. Write: Bob, 1629 Park Row Drive, Columbus, OH 43235.

(V) HANDSOME DAD WANTS BOYISH SON: 66, 6'-2", 220#, brown hair (no gray), blue eyes, clean-shaven, clean-cut, 48" hairy chest with some gray, football player's build (used to play in CA where I'm from), 7-1/2" cut, in decent shape without muscles and with a small gut, a really nice guy who likes some leather and kink. Looking for cute young "son" (over 18) with smarts, and who wants a real person to spend the rest of his life with. Still work in my own business, so I can help you relocate financially. If the idea of an older man who doesn't look or act like an older man appeals to you, drop me a line with your picture. Barry, 1742 W. 29th Place, Cleveland, OH 44113-3022, or call (216) 687-1238 before 11 pm Eastern time. E-mail: barrycal@webtv.net

(V) DAYTON/NATIONWIDE: Passionate Teddy Bear, GWM, 57, 5'-9", 210#, gray/brown hair (balding), brown eyes. Cut. Very affectionate. World-class hugger, all-American kisser. You must like to kiss. I am a nonsmoker, nondrinker. Professional. Like theater, movies, mystery novels. Prefer younger, circumcised, smaller . . . but nice is top priority. E-mail: morehugs@iname.com

PENNSYLVANIA

(V) CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA GUY: Affectionate GWM, late 60s, 5'-8", 155#, bald and buzzed, nonsmoker, HIV negative, likes music, theater and travel. Enjoys all aspects of intimacy and virtually all sexual activity. Anxious to meet men of all ages for friendship, pen-pal or other possibilities. Write: **DAVE OF PA**, or e-mail: Burnie_everready@hotmail.com

SOUTH CAROLINA

(V) SOUTHERN MAN: Just turned 60, 6 feet, 185#, blue eyes. Enjoy all things oral. Own home near ocean. Seeking pen pals, photos, visitors. Write: Resident, 707 - 27th Ave., South, North Myrtle Beach, SC 29582.

TENNESSEE

(V) TENNESSEE COUNTRY BOY: 65, 218#, 6 ft.. I need a friend! Someone who is clean, HIV negative, nonsmoker/drugs, no heavy drinking. That describes me also. At the moment I do not have a home. My home and all that was in it burned to the ground, along with my dreams. Trying to rebuild. I'm a handsome guy who wants to develop a friendship leading to a relationship. Do not know where I will settle, so let's work on something together. Call (931) 729-2455. Write: Robert, P.O. Box 267, Hohenwald, TN 38462.

TEXAS

(V) WANTED: Nice old man, 50 years or older, chubby with facial hair preferred. Nonsmoker, high on life, good personality and sense of humor. Willing to share the rest of his life with a retired, romantic man who loves to sleep with someone every night and loves sex. HIV negative. Comes with a small house in Texas, a cat, and some vintage cars. Write: **RICHARD**

VIRGINIA

(V2) CHESAPEAKE, VA/ST. AUGUSTINE, FL: GWM, 60s, 5'-7", 120#, 7-1/4 uncut, seeking thin 75 to 85 year old, white hair, well-endowed. Must consider personal hygiene paramount, possible LTR. I like caring and sharing. Please recent photo: Bob B. (757) 483-8941.

(98) ARLINGTON: Me:: 43 y/o nonsmoker, single, HIV negative, WM, 5'-9", 180#, sexually versatile, hairy, many interests, live in Metro DC area. You: mature WM, under 40, nonsmoker, average-stocky build. Looking to share life and love. It has been too long since someone special was in my life, how about you? Your photo gets mine. All replies answered. Brian, 1600 N. Oak St. #1228, Arlington, VA 22209.

WASHINGTON

(V2) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: I seek friends to share adventures and one younger man to share life. I ski (Sun Valley, Idaho), sail (Puget Sound), and travel. I'm 6'-1", 215#, 62, hairy, bearded, affectionate, and aggressive. If you want to know a man who has a good heart, let me hear from you. Photo/phone appreciated: Sam, Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

(V) SEATTLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-10", 200#, gray flat-top, medium hairy, seeks 30-50 GM for LTR. Must be secure for possible relocation. Hairy a plus! Interests include: music, keyboards, ocean, traveling, art, movies, theater, plus! Your photo (will return) and phone number gets quick reply. Please write: David, 2101 N. 106th St. #B303, Seattle, WA 98133.

(V) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Cuddly black teddy bear, 69, 220#, 6 ft., seeks white teddy bear, 40+, for friendship, traveling companion. My interests include classical music, opera, theater, quiet evenings at home. Have been to Europe about 26 times, Down Under 4 times, around the world 84 days on a German freighter. Write: JACOB, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004, or e-mail: *pianist@gntech.net*

WISCONSIN

(V) ELKHORN: 60 year old, has partner who is 40. I am a race car driver, own a Honda CRX, belong to Midwestern Council of Motor Sports. Partner likes to meet people, nudism, giving massages. We are seeking friends in Wisconsin and Illinois. Please write to us: Dave & Mark, 302 West 4th Ave., Elkhorn, WI 53121.

(98) GATHERING & CRUISE ROOMMATE NEEDED: Roommate needed to share room expenses at the next gathering and/or cruise. Have room at Eden Roc. Interested? Mail your request to Rick S., 34809 Lake Drive, Oconomowoc, WI 53066.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(V) QUEENSLAND/AUSTRALIA: WM, 70s, 5'-8", 168#, clean-shaven, wide variety of interests, adaptable. Seeks mature guy, nonsmoker, social drinker, gym-fit, good sense of humour, honest, sincere, caring, mentally and financially stable, able to travel. Write: **OUTSPAN**

(V) NICE/FRANCE: GBM, 57, 1.65/70kg, cut, mustache, healthy, Greek active, French active, nonsmoker, no drugs, light drinker, HIV negative, frank, honest, affectionate, congenial, unattached. Enjoy travel, naturism, nude beaches, music (blues, gospel), eating out, kissing, making love, photography. Looking for a gentleman, 65 to 85, slender, white hair, balding, mustache, very hairy, uncut, hung, Greek passive/active, French active, healthy, for monogamous, loving relationship. French or English. Will reply to all who send nude or nice photo. Write: **EROS**

(V) NORTH GERMANY: Teddybear, 55, 170 cm, 95 kg, uncut, with belly, beard and sensitive nipples, seeks a teddybear, 50-75, with a big belly for pen-pal, friendship and (when retired) long relationship. Love to cuddle, kiss and have hot man sex. Enjoy traveling to Australia and USA, flea markets, GMW motor bikes, leather, and homemade S/M. Write: **POLICEBEAR**

(V) GREAT BRITAIN: GWM, 31, 5'-11", slim, dark hair and eyes, seeks 50-80+, UK/USA or anywhere for friendship and occasional get-togethers. I enjoy cinema, music, laser discs, DVDs, eating out, and travelling. Your recent photo will prompt an immediate response. Write: **SHERWOOD**

(V) S.W. ONTARIO CANADA/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 40, single, 5'-11", 190#, blue eyes, dark hair, hairy body. I'm a sensual, romantic, caring person. My interests are golf, travel, nudism. I am seeking a masculine man, 50 to 65, in reasonably good shape, with the same interests for long-term relationship. Write: **ORION**

(98) ENGLAND: GWM, 54, 5'-9", 170#, fit, varied interests, in search of down-to-earth 65+, stocky-overweight mate with sense of humor, straight acting, for lasting friendship and hopefully make a good life together. Photo please. **FIREBLADE**

(97) SINGAPORE: I am 40 years old, Malaysian-Indian, height 5'-11", weight 210#, black hair, mustache, quite hairy, nonsmoker, kind, passionate, honest, down-to-earth person. I adore men above 45 years, big, heavy-set, chubby, hairy, bears, even older men as long as they are heavy and big, kind, loving, honest and like quiet moments together. Also movies, sports, traveling, lots of kissing and cuddling. Write to: **SINGAPORE J.J.**

(V) U.S./CANADA/EUROPE/AUSTRALIA: Affectionate and caring GWM, 51, 6'-1", well-built, hairy-chested, tactile, masculine, romantic, nonsmoker, social drinker, HIV negative, seeks loving, unattached and self-respectful gent over 65 for passionate long-term relationship and life together. Would relocate. Detailed letter and photo(s) essential. Stephen,

Ronche 49, 6032 Charleroi, BELGIUM.

(V) CANADA--EAST COAST: Late 70s, 6 ft., 180#, 7" uncut, graying hair, clean-shaven, hairy, young attitude, clean, honest, sincere and sexy. Non-smoker, nondrinker, HIV negative. Seek monogamous relationship of mutual love and caring with younger in-shape masculine guy. All safe sex, kissing, tit-play. Nice home, small university town. Great summer climate. Write: **C.B.J.**

(V) NICE, FRANCE: GBM, 58, 1.65 m, 70 kg, cut, mustache, HIV negative, Greek active, French active, nonsmoker, no drugs, light drinker, frank, honest, affectionate, congenial, unattached. Enjoy travel, photos, naturism, nude beaches, music (Blues, Gospel, Mozart), theater, making love, eating out, kissing. Looking for gentlemen, 60 to 80, Northern CA, Southern CA, or Florida, white hair or balding, very hairy, uncut, average build, distinguished, congenial, healthy, Greek passive/active, French active for relationship and more. Nude photo appreciated. Will reply to all. Write: **EROS**

(97) GERMANY/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 56, 5'-8", 215#, professional, honest, single, seek friends older than me. Open to relationship. Enjoy music, reading, art, nature and much more. Live in the Bavarian country. Can have visitors. Write: H.W. Bernt, Hinterschnaitt 1, 83317 Feisendorf, GERMANY.

(97) ENGLAND: Indian, 38, own house, single, into arts, naturism, massage, seeks active, masculine, mature friends, travel companions, exchange visits. Write with photo to: Nadim, 98 Regent Road, Blackpool, FY1 HNB, ENGLAND.

(V) PARIS: GWM, 59, 5'-8", 152#, red and graying, retired, French A/P, enjoys travel, music, cooking, eating, sensitive tits, all things oral, butts, ranch (?), and surprises of any age, shape, color, or condition that are fun. I hate 19th Century opera, pain, manufactured perfumes, fanatics, and drag, but otherwise I am ope to all kinds of propositions. So, if you like to laugh, try your favorite fetish with me. Please write legibly in English, French, Portuguese, Spanish or simple German. **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**

(99) ENGLAND: Older man looking for someone young, 25ish. Interested in theater, ballet, arts, world travel. You: Slim, clean-shaven, non-scene, non-smoker, with a sense of humour. Write: **PETER OF UNITED KINGDOM**

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

The following men/couples have offered to take single men—regardless of age, size, looks, color—"under their wings" primarily on a social and spiritual basis. If you are lonely and in the advertiser's area, contact him and he will help you meet the right people.

ARKANSAS - RUSSELLVILLE - **SAM AARON**
HOT SPRINGS - **AUGUST 51** - *conrad@cswnet.com*
CALIFORNIA - CHATSWORTH - **JAYCE**
FAIRFIELD AREA - **TOM**
GARDEN GROVE, CA - **TUFLUV DAD**
HOLLYWOOD - **HOLLYWOOD'S BUD**
PALM SPRINGS - **HAMHOCK & KIMBEAR**
PALM SPRINGS - **PAPITOMAS** - *papitomas@aol.com*
SACRAMENTO - **RICO**
SAN DIEGO -**BIG BILL**
SAN FRANCISCO - **ROGER II**
SANTA BARBARA - **ROSE**
VENICE - **MAMBO**
COLORADO - DENVER/NEIGHBORING STATES - **STILL PERFORMING**
ROCKIES -**DANO**
FLORIDA - CLEARWATER - **CHARLES**
EAST-CENTRAL - **FLORIDA RUSS** - MayoRC1@aol.com
FT. LAUDERDALE AREA - **FT. LAUDERDALE JON**
FT. LAUDERDALE - **SHORTY**
FT. MYERS AREA - **BLUE BIRD**
MIAMI BEACH - **DUKE**
NORTH PORT - **NORTH PORT JOE**
SARASOTA AREA - **PROFESSOR RICK**
WEST PALM BEACH AREA - **W.P.B. DAN**
WEST PALM BEACH AREA - **NARI**
GEORGIA - ATLANTA - **J.R.P.**
ROSWELL - **ROBI**
HAWAII - HONOLULU - **JOHN J.** - keonekolohe@worldnet.att.net
ILLINOIS - N.E. AREA - **N.E. I. ALAN**
CENTRAL/SOUTHERN AREA - **PIGWEED**
ROCKFORD AREA - **LAWRENCE OF ROCKFORD**
INDIANA - N.E. AREA - **INDIANA MICHAEL**
KENTUCKY - LOUISVILLE AREA -

G.L. PATRICK
MASSACHUSETTS - NEAR CAPE COD AREA - **AUGAR**
NEAR CT LINE - **PORKER**
MINNESOTA- SOUTHERN AREA - **BIRDMAN**
MINNEAPOLIS - **WAG**
MISSISSIPPI - BILOXI - **J.W.**
BAY ST. LOUIS - **TOM HORNER**
NEW HAMPSHIRE - REMOTE - **N.H. LEW** - langd32@hotmail.com
NEW JERSEY - EAST WINDSOR - **WILD ONE**
MONTCLAIR AREA - **N.J. JUD**
NEW YORK - BRONX - **GRANDIN**
MANHATTAN - **ROMANCER**
UTICA - **UTICA LOU**
OKLAHOMA - TULSA AREA - **OKLIF**
PENNSYLVANIA - PHILADELPHIA - **JOEINPHILA**
TENNESSEE - MADISON - **TENNEHOO**
CENTRAL TN - **TENNESSEE COUNTRY BOY**
TEXAS - SAN ANTONIO AREA- **RICHARD**
HOUSTON - **KERRBEAR** - *kerrbear@flash.net*
DFW AREA - **EARL WATERMAN** - *ewaterma@swbell.net*
VIRGINIA/D.C. - NORTHERN VIRGINIA- **BERT**
WASHINGTON- EASTERN WASHINGTON, IDAHO PANHANDLE, WESTERN MONTANA- **JACOB** - *pianist@gntech.net*
WISCONSIN - FISH CREEK - **TRANQUILITY** - *butch729@juno.com*
MILWAUKEE AREA - **MILWAUKEE JOE**
MILWAUKEE AREA - **MILWAUKEE BERNARD**
AUSTRALIA - CANBERRA - **WALKABOUT**
NEW SOUTH WALES - **NSW ALAN**
CANADA - EASTERN ONTARIO - **XNTRIC** - *ghamilton@sprint.ca*
ENGLAND - GUISBOROUGH - **KENUK**
FRANCE - PARIS - **PAUL DE PARIS**
GERMANY - S.W. GERMANY - **HOMHL** - *HOMHL@t-online.de*
MEXICO - MEXICO CITY - **JUAN H.**
JAPAN - HIROSHIMA - **SATO**

DON'T BE LONELY. REACH OUT!
BECOME A CR FRIEND!

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS

(those with BOLD code names at the end of the ad and no address)

>> Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. Your return address must be shown on your letter to be forwarded. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, enclose one international reply coupon for every letter. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

>> IN PENCIL ONLY, lightly write the code word in the center of the envelope.

>> Enclose $1 cash (or equivalent currency) for each letter.

>> Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS

(SAME AS ABOVE)

NOTE: CR VIPS GET FREE ADS!

IF YOU ARE A CR SUBSCRIBER AND YOUR MAILING LABEL HAS A CODE THAT INCLUDES A V OR HIGHER—OR, IF YOU HAVE SPENT OVER $200 FOR GATHERING REGISTRATIONS AND/OR OTHER MERCHANDISE OVER THE PAST FIVE YEARS—YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A FREE AD (50 WORDS OR LESS) IN EACH ISSUE UNTIL YOU TELL US TO STOP. IF YOU HAVE RENEWED OR SUBSCRIBED AT THE NEW $44 RATE, YOU HAVE A FREE ONE-YEAR AD COMING TO YOU.

PLEASE READ THIS:

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and

forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.
2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.
3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.
4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.
5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.
6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

GIGGLES BY CHUCK

A man walks into a bar and asks for six shots of vodka. Bartender says, "Six shots? What's wrong?"

"I found out my older brother is gay."

The next night, he comes in again and asks for another six shots. "What now?" the bartender asks.

"I found out my younger brother is gay."

Next night, the man walks in again and asks for six more shots. "Geez," said the bartender, "doesn't ANYBODY in your family like women?"

"Yeah," replied the man. "My wife."

ALL ABOUT CR

CR Magazine is published quarterly by Pat and Bruce, 60 and 79 respectively, with part-time help from Danny, who happens to be straight. The magazine is an all-consuming labor of love, so we prefer not to deal with vitriolic people. We absolutely reserve the right to deal only with nice guys. On the other hand, we do welcome constructive criticism, provided it is offered in a civil manner. Because we are forced to operate by triage, we respectfully ask our readers to be tolerant of the inevitable delays, screwups and miscommunications. If we err with your subscription or order, please contact us and we will more than make it up to you.

New to CR? Here are answers to some often asked questions:

We used to publish a magazine called SWAN in the beginning, but an obscure lesbian newsletter called THE SWAN forced us to change the name. We then published as CHIRON RISING for 13 years until the magazine's corporate owner fell into a legal mine field. But from the ashes of CHIRON RISING has risen a new magazine called simply CR. It is solely owned by yours truly, Patrick H. Colley.

CR models and writers want to hear from you. Follow the instructions at the end of THE CONTACT NETWORK.

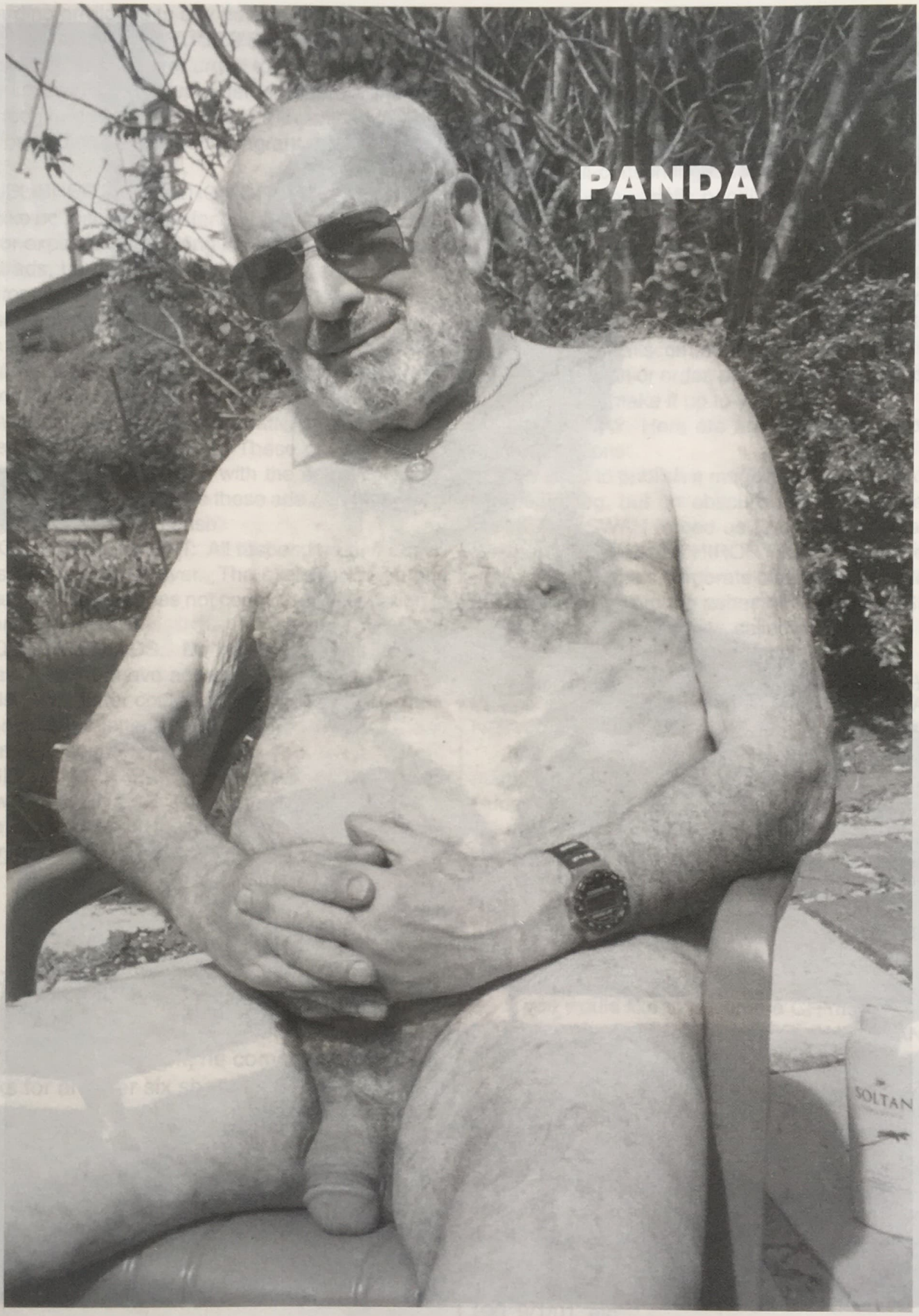
The code on your address label indicates the number of your last subscription issue. We will include a reminder note inside the front cover, so don't miss it. A "V" means you're a cool, established customer eligible for free ads. A V2 or V3 entitles you to private favors and a LOT of pampering—within the realm of mutual civility, of course. These codes are based on total products and services purchased, not length of time with CR. A numeric code indicates that you have a credit balance for that amount.

If you would like to become a CR model, follow the instructions in BE A CR MODEL AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

We deeply regret that our issues do not distribute like clockwork. We do post a message with an estimated distribution date of the current issue, and that message can be heard by dialing toll-free: (888) 227-2935. Please do not inquire about an issue's status by calling our (760) number or by e-mail. We cannot field such a flood of inquiries.

Our approximate publishing schedule will continue as follows: CR 98 - 3/1/01; CR 99, 6/1/01; CR 100, 9/1/01, etc.

LARKSPUR


PANDA

TURKEY TROT

A true story by Patrick O'Connor

Nine hundred gay men on a cruise ship sounds like the beginning of a joke. My friends George and Leo had been planning the trip for a year: an Atlantis Cruise of the Mediterranean, on a new ship, the Olympian Voyager to Egypt, Israel, Turkey and two Greek Islands, one of them, Mykinos, naturally. By the way the ship is the fastest cruise ship in the world. Leo's mother became deathly ill just before the trip so he couldn't go because he's Sicilian. I was encouraged by my partner Andrew to take Leo's place, because as he says "the grave beckons." The grave indeed beckoned to Leo's mother while George and I were on the trip, so lucky Leo didn't go.

George, seventy, a retired, logistical engineer, music lover, former singer in the Gay Men's Los Angeles Chorus and all round nice guy proved an ideal traveling companion.

We flew overnight from LA to Athens on British Airways and I've long felt that British airline stewards should run the world. They are a combination of stern nanny "Mind your manners." And maiden aunt "There there, I'll get you a nice cup of tea." I was once on a plane from New Delhi to London with literally hundreds of unruly English children, traveling back to Blighty to school sans parents, and the stewards were better than Mary Martin.

I spent part of the day in Athens tracking down an old love called Christos (In Athens they are all called Christos) but no luck. I spent the other part of the day with George. I never told him that we were tracking down a male brothel owned by the Greek Orthodox Church. But no luck. I've since found the address and will reveal it if you send me a self-addressed stamped envelope.

On the ship (nice and new) were eight hundred and ninety-eight blond, blue eyed, pumped up what used to be called (Fire Island) Pines Perfect beauties, or so it seemed, and they also gave off that unmistakable air of privilege and money, lots of money. The moment we got on the ship the lineup for the spa and the muscle machines was as long as the line at Radio City. Now I'm a short, fat, old Irishman who no longer drinks, and as Shakespeare said, "Not for all markets," but George is tall, goyishe and handsome. They all looked through us as though we were made of glass. I was right about smelling money; those dot.com beauties were dropping thousands a night at the Casino while I was dropping my five dollars in the nickel slots.

I was also cranky, because the brochure promised an Ice Cream parlor, but the brochure had been written before the ship was built and the Ice Cream Parlor was turned into a Pizza Parlor. The first stop was Santorini, one of the most beautiful Greek islands. If you're brave and don't mind getting your feet covered with Donkey Doo you can ride up to the top of the mountainous island on a sweet little donkey. My advice: take the lift. The men on the ship, the cruisers if I may call them, bought everything in sight. And there wasn't much to buy.

The next stop was Alexandria, which I've longed to see because of Lawrence Durrell's novel *The Alexandrian Quartet,* in which C. P. Cavafy, one of the greatest poets of the twentieth century and the greatest self-acknowledged gay poet of all

time, appears as a fictional character, though he was, in fact a real person, an Alexandrian Greek. We barreled through Alexandria like it was Ittabena, Mississippi, on to Cairo to the Sphinx, the pyramids and the Egyptian Museum (King Tut). Note: Egyptian soldiers in uniform without guns who act as museum guards (and some of them who are quite beautiful) will cruise you in a quite obvious way if you so much as look in their direction, and yes they are available. We drove from Cairo to Port Said where we met our ship. We had a police escort but only because there were so many buses and because of the traffic.

The next morning we were at Kusadasi, a port city in Western Turkey, where we took buses to Ephesus and to a shrine that was purported to be the home of the Virgin Mary. The weather was perfect--sunshine and cool breezes--but I did notice as I was going down the gangplank, six passengers in full drag being photographed by what looked like local photographers and television cameramen. Ephesus lived up to its reputation as the greatest archeological site in the world, truly astonishing and for many the visit to the home of the Virgin Mary was a moving experience. We got on the buses to take us back to the ship and were barreling along when we were stopped by the police. We assumed that we were being escorted back to the ship because of the traffic and the number of buses.

Wrong. When we got back to the ship, instead of stopping to shop at the bazaar of the port which this crowd was always eager to do, we were hustled speedily and with dispatch on to the ship and told not to look around--just hurry.

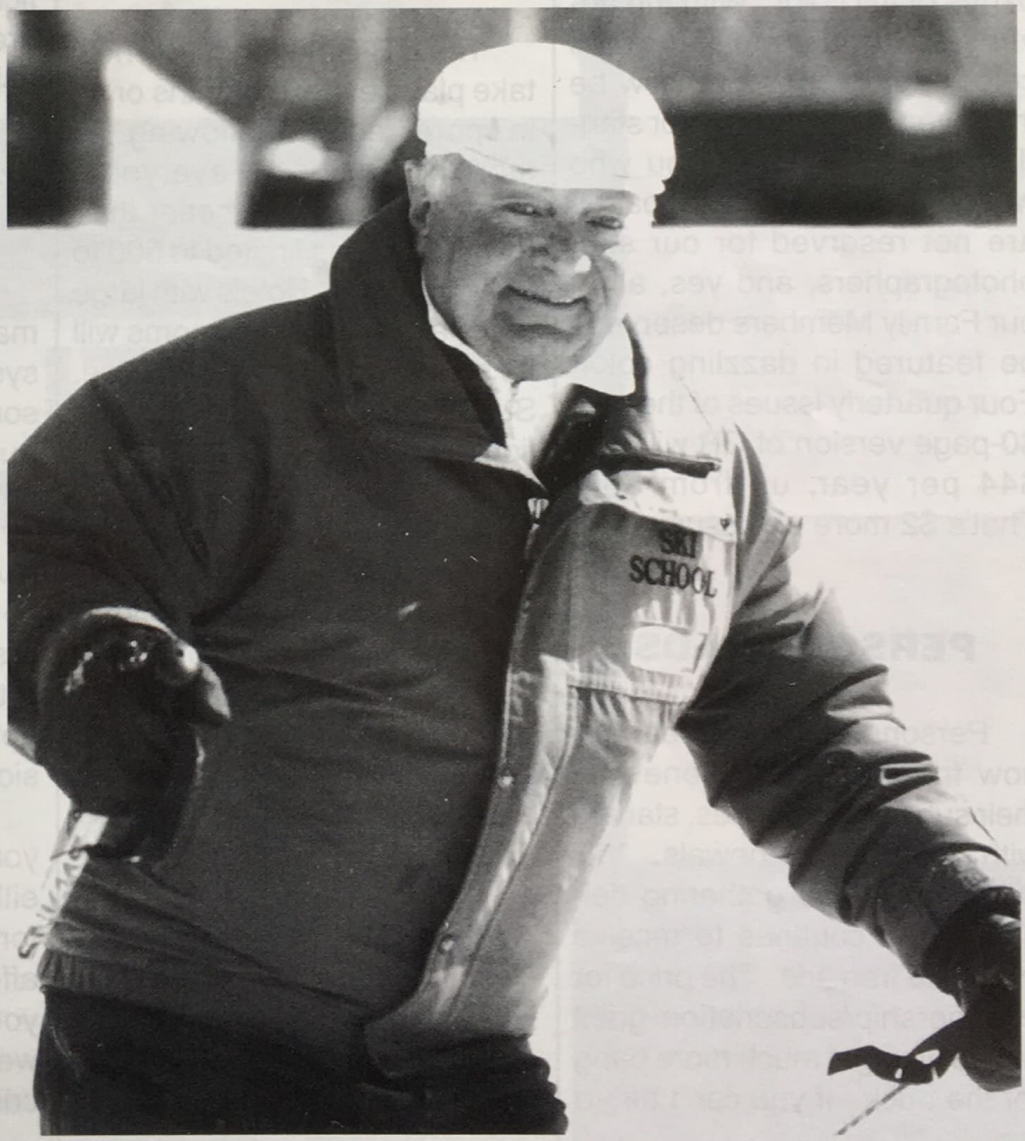
Nine hundred men were thrown out of Turkey for being gay. You can imagine the buzz: buzz.buzz,buzz. Gay men always turn on themselves, so they blamed the drag queens, but in reality the drag queens had nothing to do with it. Some of those beautiful rich boys had low friends in high places, and those cell phones were busy calling the White House (I actually think someone got through), calling their congressmen, calling their parents. Some were political activists and wanted to protest, but most had visions of Midnight Express in their heads. What enchanted me most was how those port side rug merchants must have felt as they watched nine hundred pair of jeans, pockets loaded with cash and credit cards, slip through their fingers. There was an unchecked rumor that the local merchants stoned the police. The ship offered free drinks for all for the entire night, which, considering that the liquor consumption on the cruise according to reliable reports was double the amount of any cruise in history, was not necessary. After a couple of hours of buzz, calling the White House, castigating the drag queens, the Mayor of Kusadasi got on the public address system and practically in tears apologized "We love you, you mustn't think that all Turks are like that, it was all a terrible mistake." His English wasn't bad. And underlying all that the real grief about those disappearing, never to be seen, dollars.

It was a jolly night on the ship: free drinks. I mean, how often do you get thrown out of a country for being gay? The next day we landed in Istanbul, where we were greeted by the US Ambassador to Turkey, abject apologies from the Turkish government, and a warm fuzzy welcome for all. Nobody actually said we love gay men but that was the idea. By now we were an international scandal with headlines in all the Turkish papers including the conservative ones which featured pictures of the drag queens. Also we were in papers all over Europe and the *New York Times* (oh those cell phones). All of Turkey apologized. Still no one knew what happened, and no one knows to this day.

We did the Istanbul sites: Blue Mosque, Saint Sophia, Topkapi and then my heart's delight, the bazaar. I love rug hustlers, jewelry hustlers--in fact I love hustlers of every kind. I'm an old lefty Trotskyite but I have a passion for the nitty-gritty of capitalism in its raw form: I love the sales pitch, the bargaining, the negotiation of the deal. I actually revel in it, and I was shocked when the Americans on the ship found the Egyptian hustlers distasteful. For me that interchange between seller to

buyer was the beginning of civilization. Sorry to be so pompous. The bus, which had been taking us around Istanbul, left us off at the bazaar, and after the obligatory visit to the rug factory (you are not obligated to buy), which I skipped, we were to have two hours on our own without a guide. I headed straight for the heart of it. When rug hustlers no matter how young and handsome or old and handsome for that matter, say " I have very beautiful rugs" I always say, "I'll bet they're not half as beautiful as you." Varied responses, but never negative. After two hours of fending off hustlers of every kind in the bazaar I went back to the meeting place to get the bus to the ship. Just at the meeting place in front of an expensive looking store--not in the bazaar but just outside it, therefor classier--a handsome fortyish Turk stopped me and said "I've been waiting for you." And always up for the game, I said, "Yeah, you've been waiting to sell me a rug. I don't need a rug.". He said "No I saw you get off the bus and I thought you might be from that ship, and I fell in love with you, and I've been waiting here two hours to see you. This is my shop; I sell jewelry." As I said, I love capitalism at the level of the sale and admire anyone who will go to such lengths to make a sale, so I said no again and he said, " I'm serious, and I would like to give you a present." I said "Look, nice try, but I'm a seventy-five year old fat Irishman. I don't wear jewelry and I don't have a wife" He said "Thanks God, I love seventy-five-year-old men with blue eyes." So he gazed longingly into my baby-blues for five minutes, promising that he would write and phone and eventually come and visit, and I said, "Fine, but I wont go to Disneyland." And then the bus came; I got on and waved goodbye. He did give me a present, but since I don't wear jewelry, you'll never see it ... and he did write ... and he does phone. I love Turkey

Having mastered ski instruction in Vermont and hungry for a new challenge, PATRICK O'CONNOR and his ski instructor life partner moved to L.A. to seek out more challenges. Patrick, a frequent contributor to CR, has already retired from heralded careers as book editor at various book publishing houses, dance critic, and radio talk show host. His outrageously funny and poignant book, Don't Look Back - A Memoir, is still available from Moyer Bell (401) 789-0074, or from www.amazon.com (ISBN#1-55921-098-1. He is a friend of Bill W's, loves music, loves to dance, and would like to see with his own eyes the truth about Inuits.



This logo won't change, but everything else will--for the better. What CR literally stands for now isn't nearly as important as what it continues to stand for as an organization.

The CR Family is still intact and stronger than ever. Be part of it, don't be part of it--your choice. Choose to be a subscriber, a delegate, a customer, or a Family Member. Your choice.

CR MAGAZINE

CR Magazine is now 80 pages with 16 pages of full color, upgraded from 76 pages with 12 pages of full color. With the advent of Photoshop, marginal color photographs can now be improved to meet our color standards. For those of you who wondered: No, the color pages are not reserved for our staff photographers, and yes, all of our Family Members deserve to be featured in dazzling color. Four quarterly issues of the new 80-page version of CR will cost $44 per year, up from $36. That's $2 more per issue.

PERSONAL ADS

Personal ads for a year are now free to anyone renewing their subscriptions/dues, starting with December renewals. VIP subscribers and gathering delegates will continue to receive indefinite free ads. The price for membership/subscription goes up, but you get much more bang for the buck. If you can't afford it, we will get an angel to sponsor you.

THE CR GATHERINGS

The CR Gatherings will now take place every 9 months or so in more regions, allowing for more flexibility for everyone. Conventions will be better than ever and will be limited to 500 to 750 delegates. Hotels with large pools and 300 to 400 rooms will be sought out for exclusive use. Substantially reduced registration fees will be available to VIPs for advance purchase. And no, we're not using the advance moneys to invest in hot stocks. Hotels always require vast amounts up front and full payoff 30 days prior to convention start. You help us pay off the hotels, and we will give you a great break on the price.

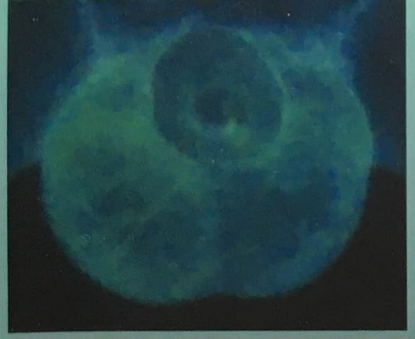
THE CR WEBSITE

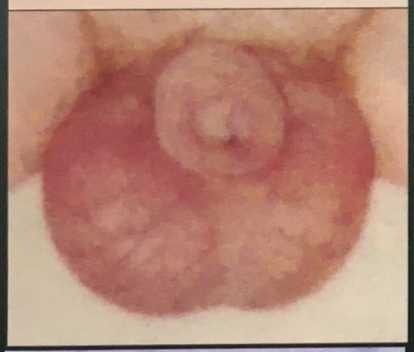
For those of you who think CR has a dinky two-page website, we highly recommend that you visit it and see what we're up to in cyberspace. Our website is solidly unique and contains around 900 pages of information, forms, artwork, nonfiction, and fiction. Personal ads are on the horizon. www.chironrising.com

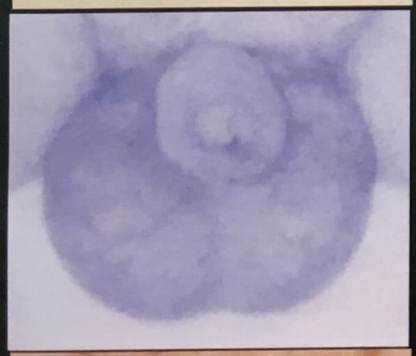
CR FAMILY SUPPORT

All CR customers are automatically enrolled in our support system. CR will contact you if someone in your area reaches out for crisis support. Your name, address, phone number or email address will never be given to anyone for any reason, so how you react to the contact is strictly up to you. Reach back with a helping hand or ignore the notice--your unmonitored decision

If you seek crisis support, you must join the CR Family by either subscribing or registering for a gathering. If you cannot afford to subscribe, we will find you a sponsor. We will do all we can to find support for your crisis.







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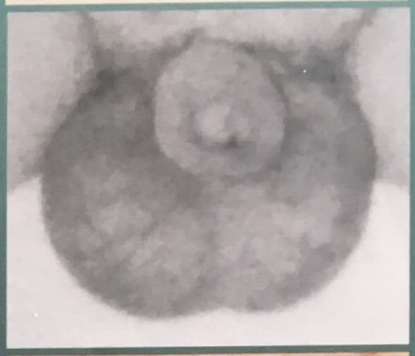
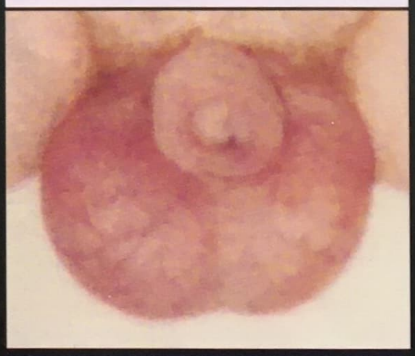
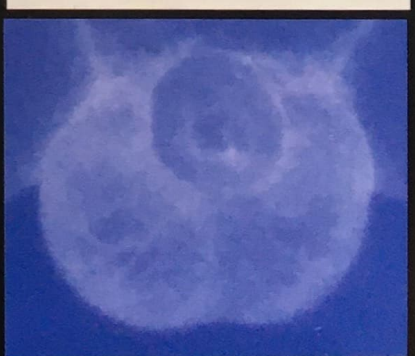
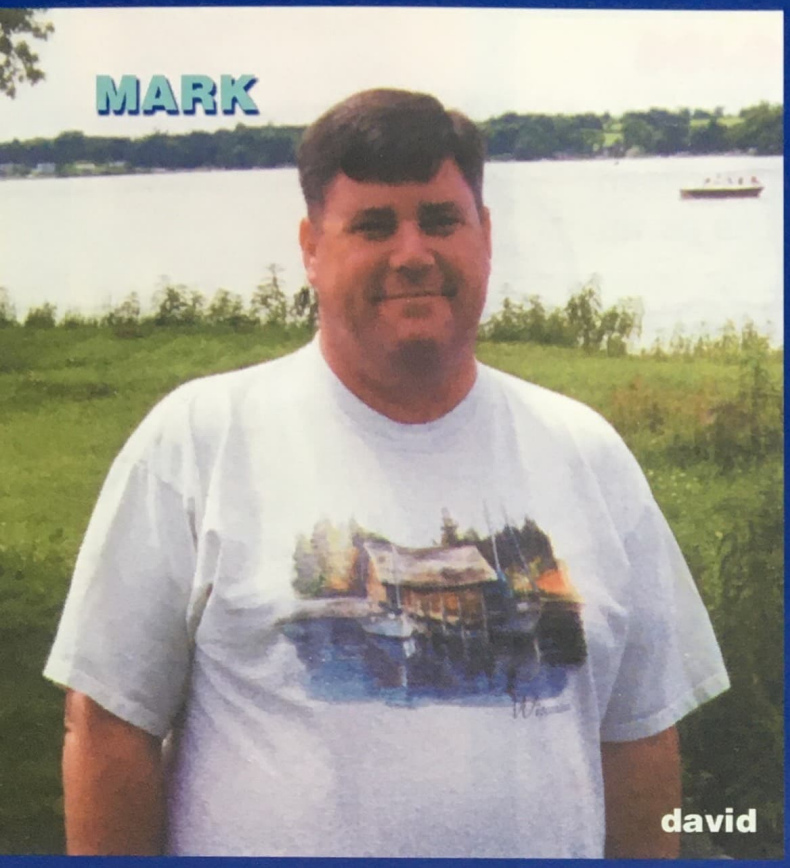






IT JUST WILL NOT DIE!

CR Magazine is now being published by a wild and crazy company called COCOS ROJOS, which is Spanish for Red Coconuts. Get it?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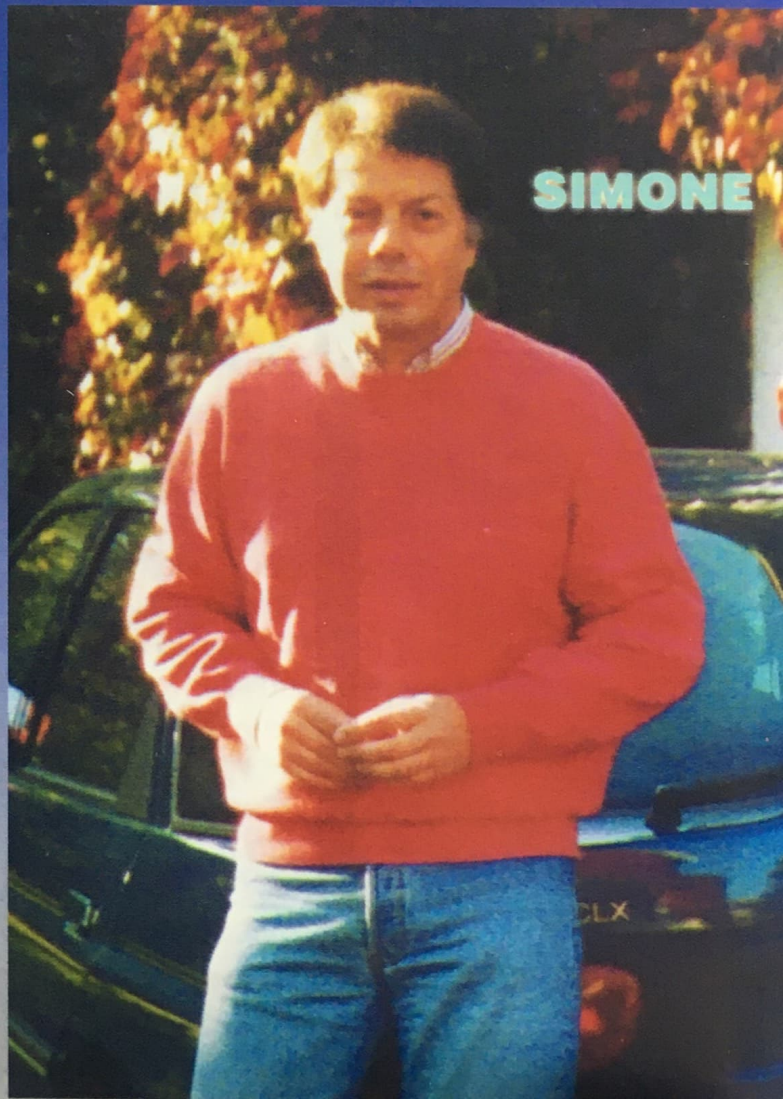
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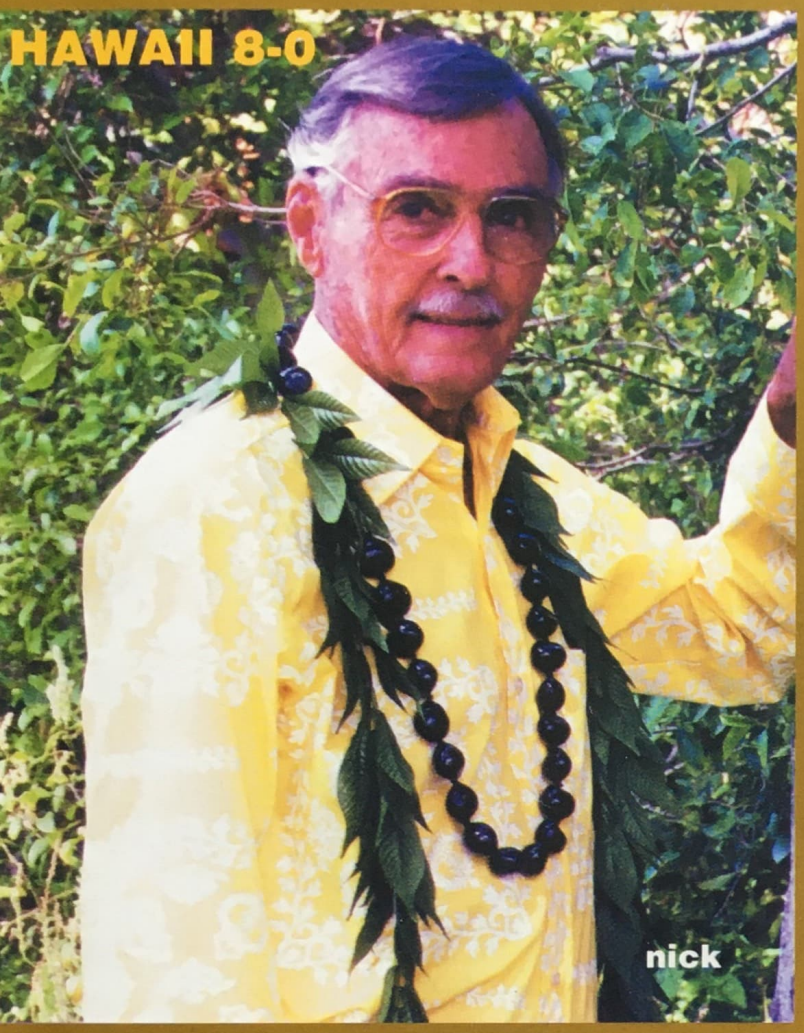
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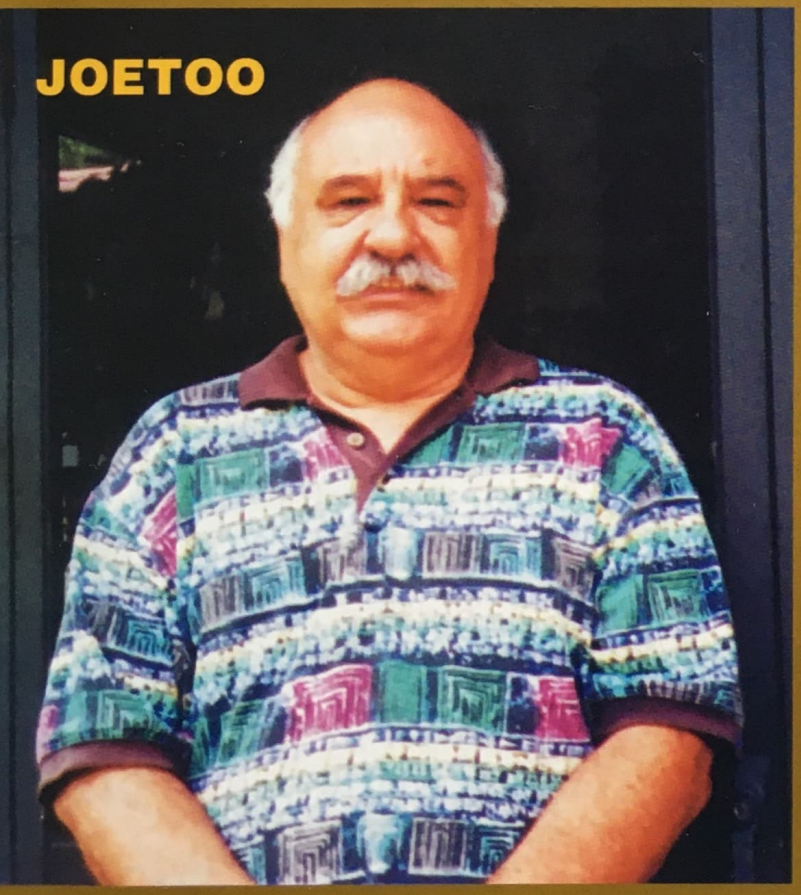
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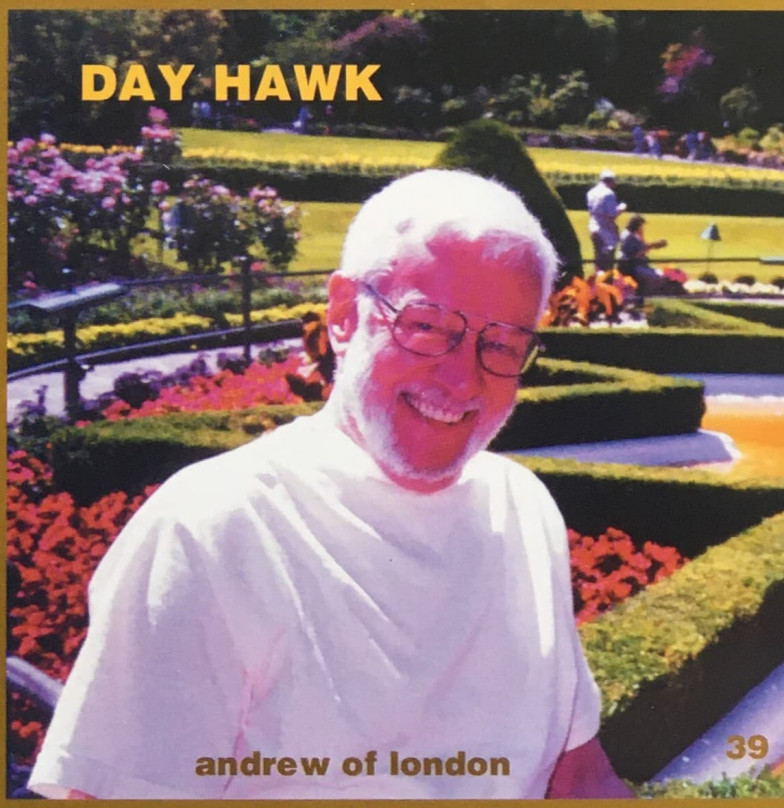
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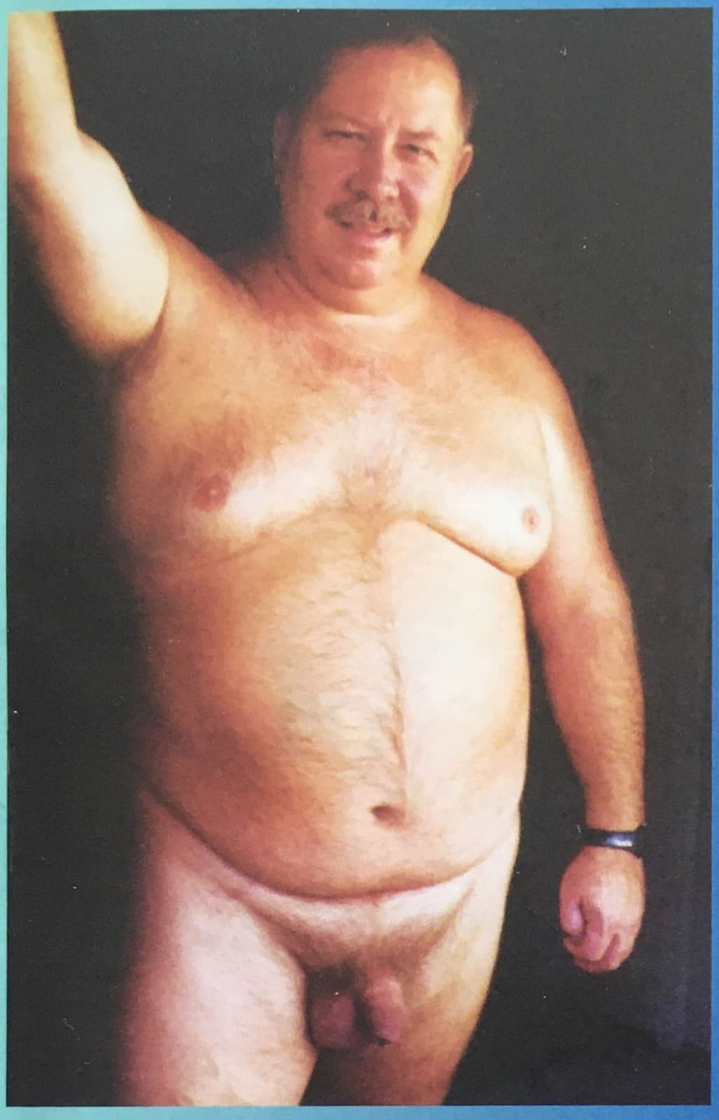

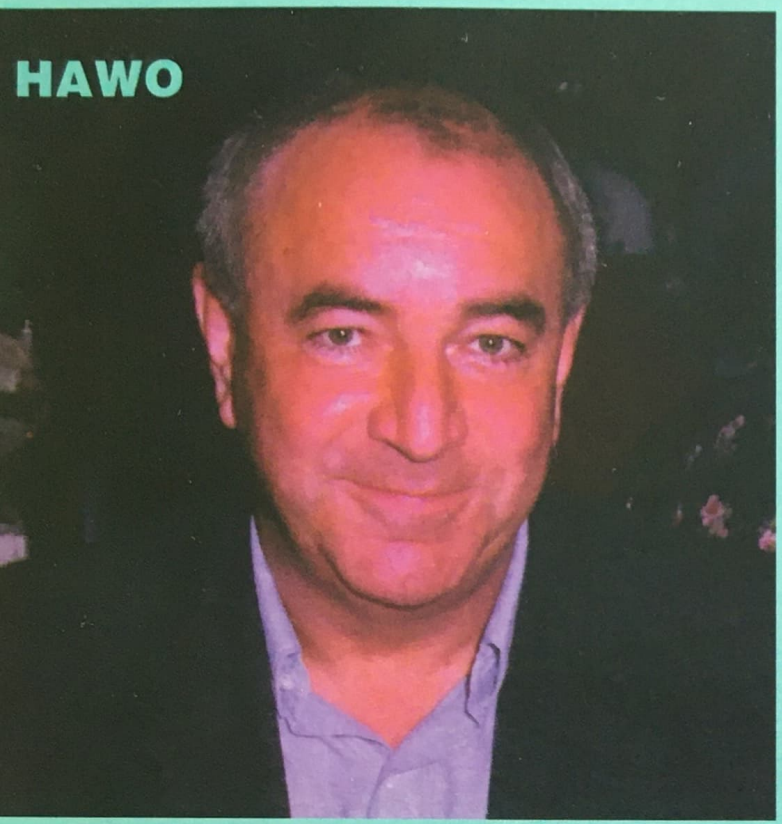
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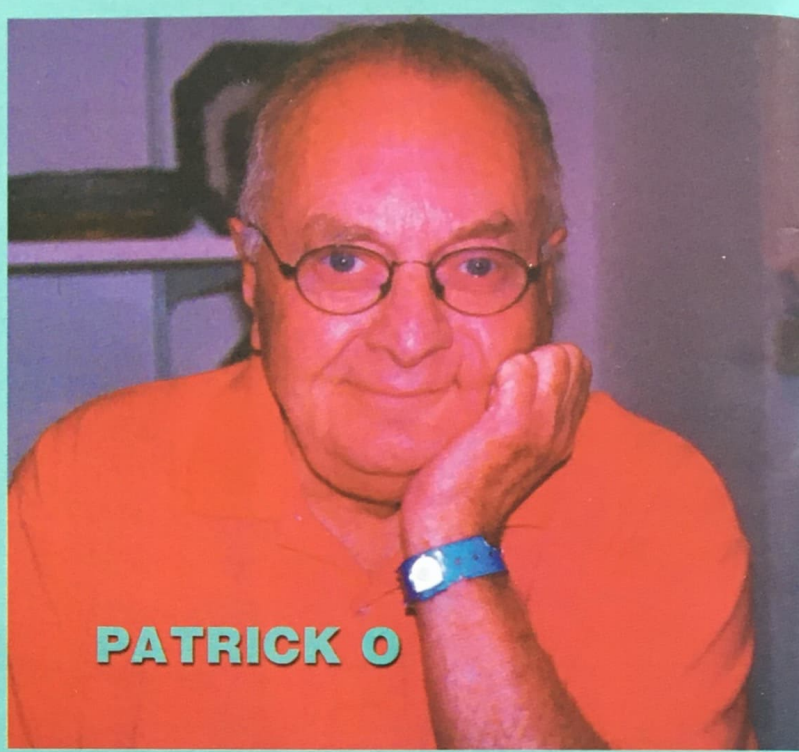
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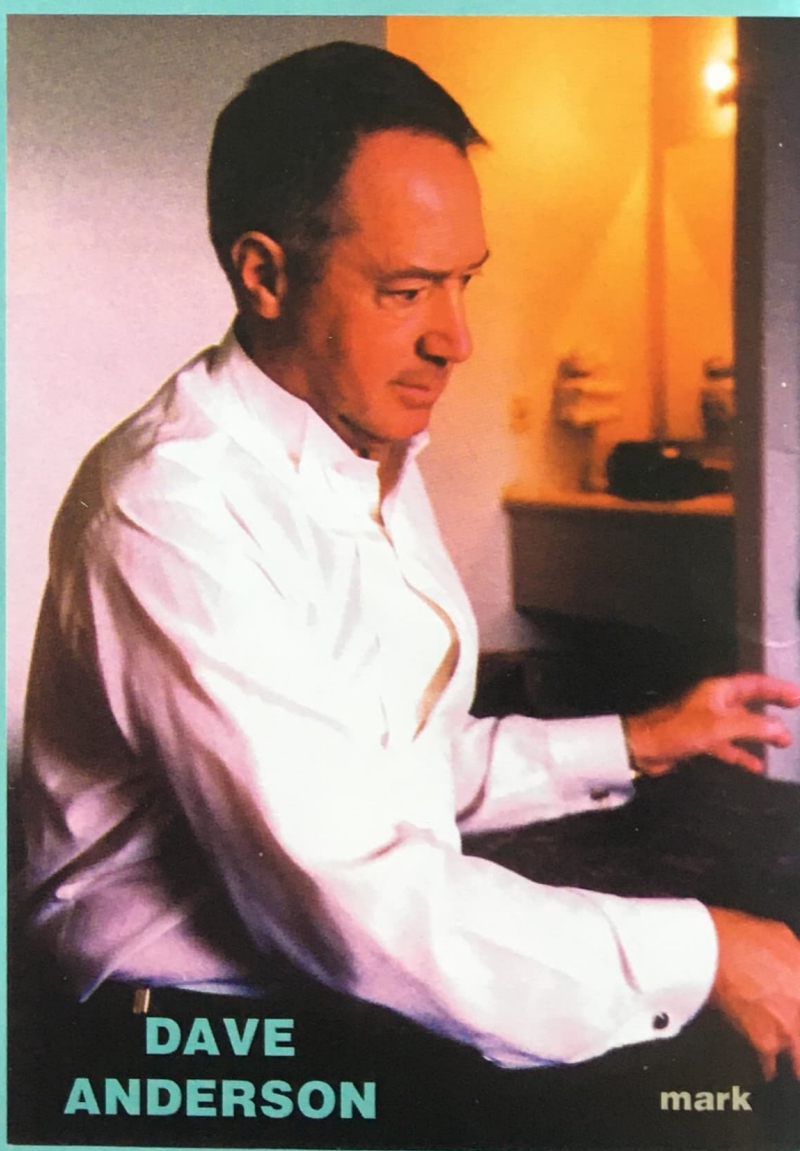
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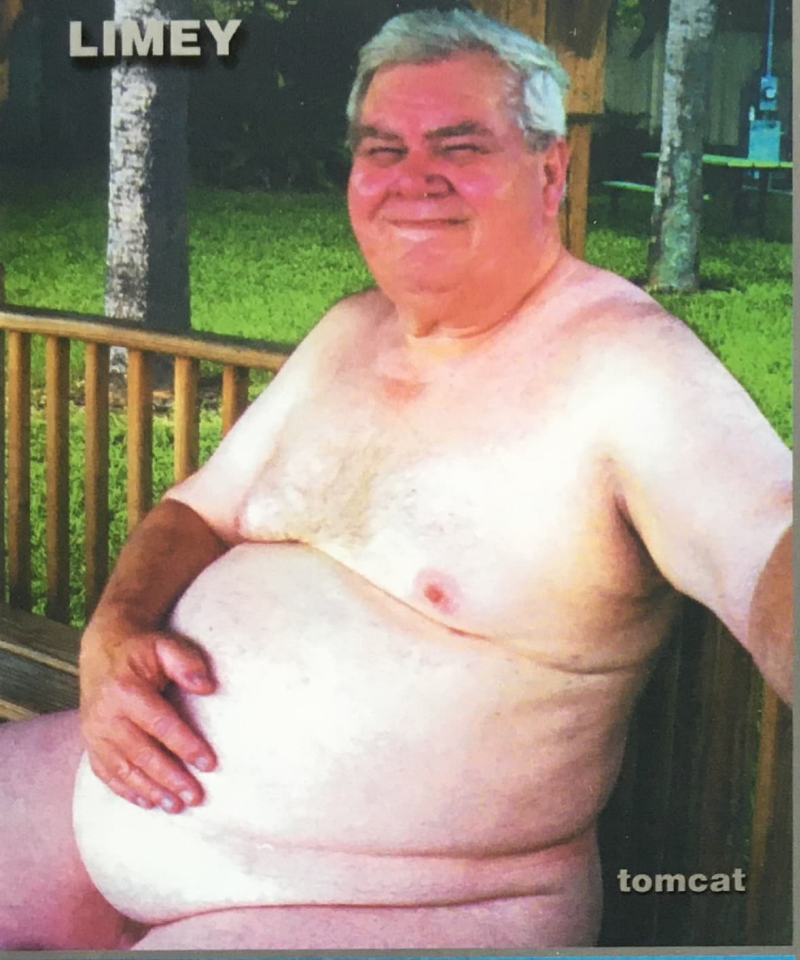
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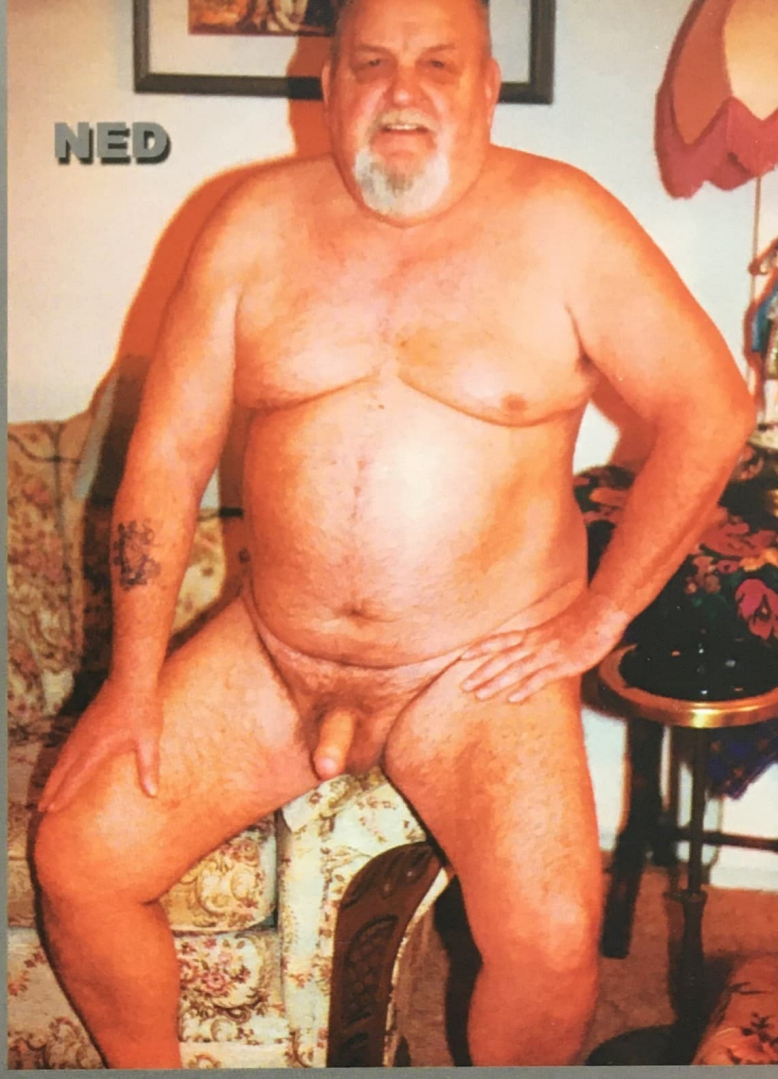
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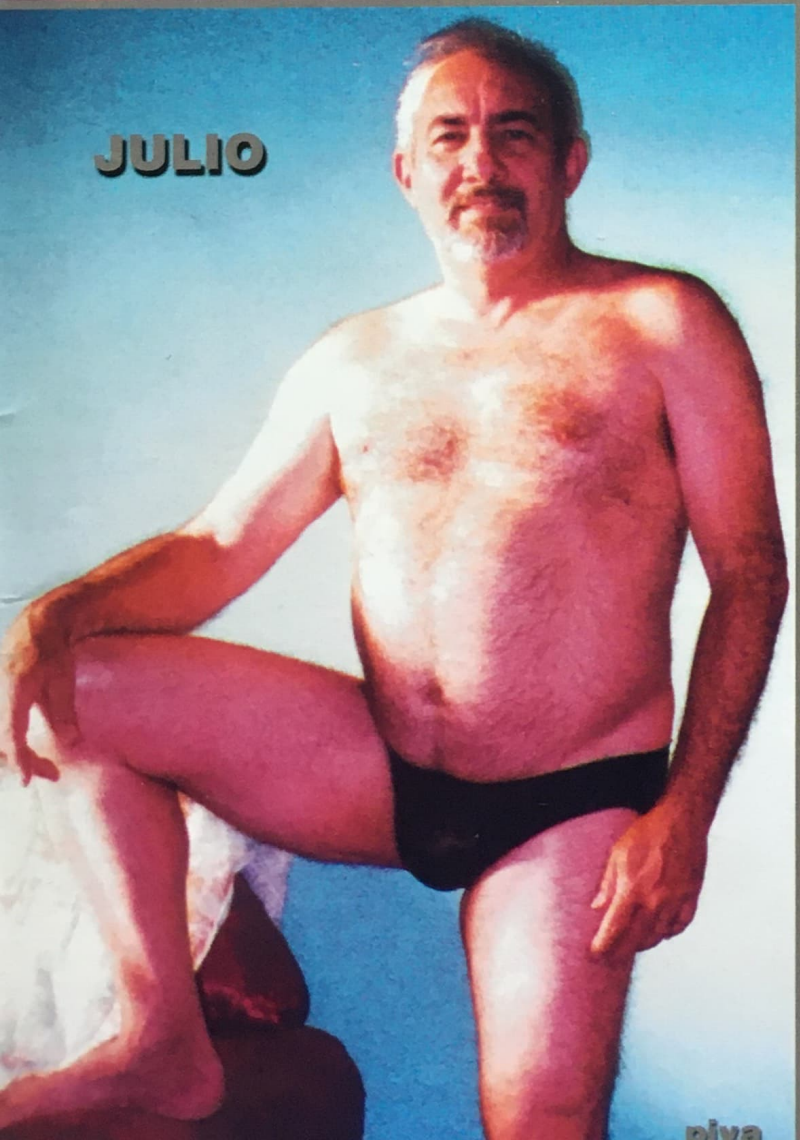
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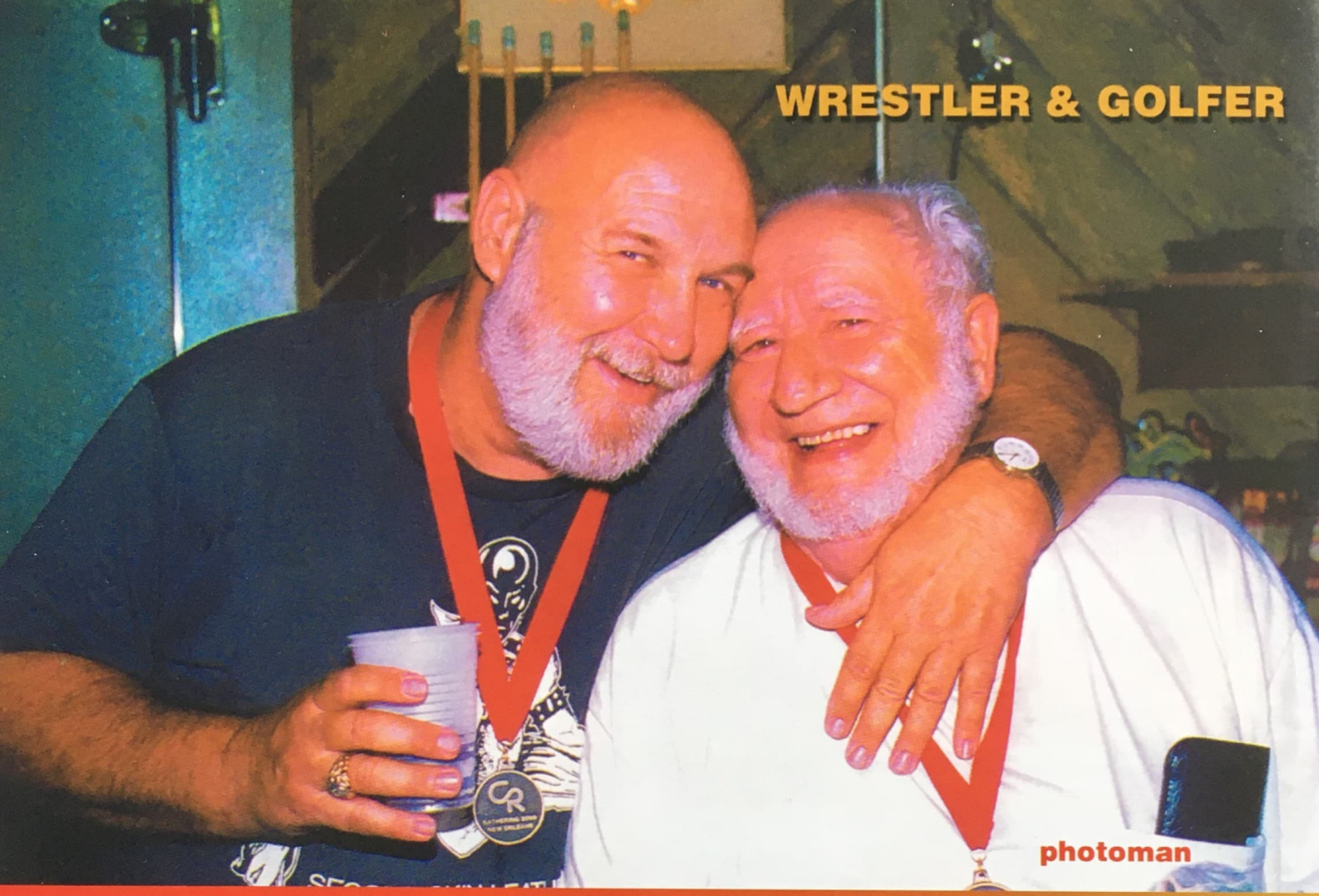

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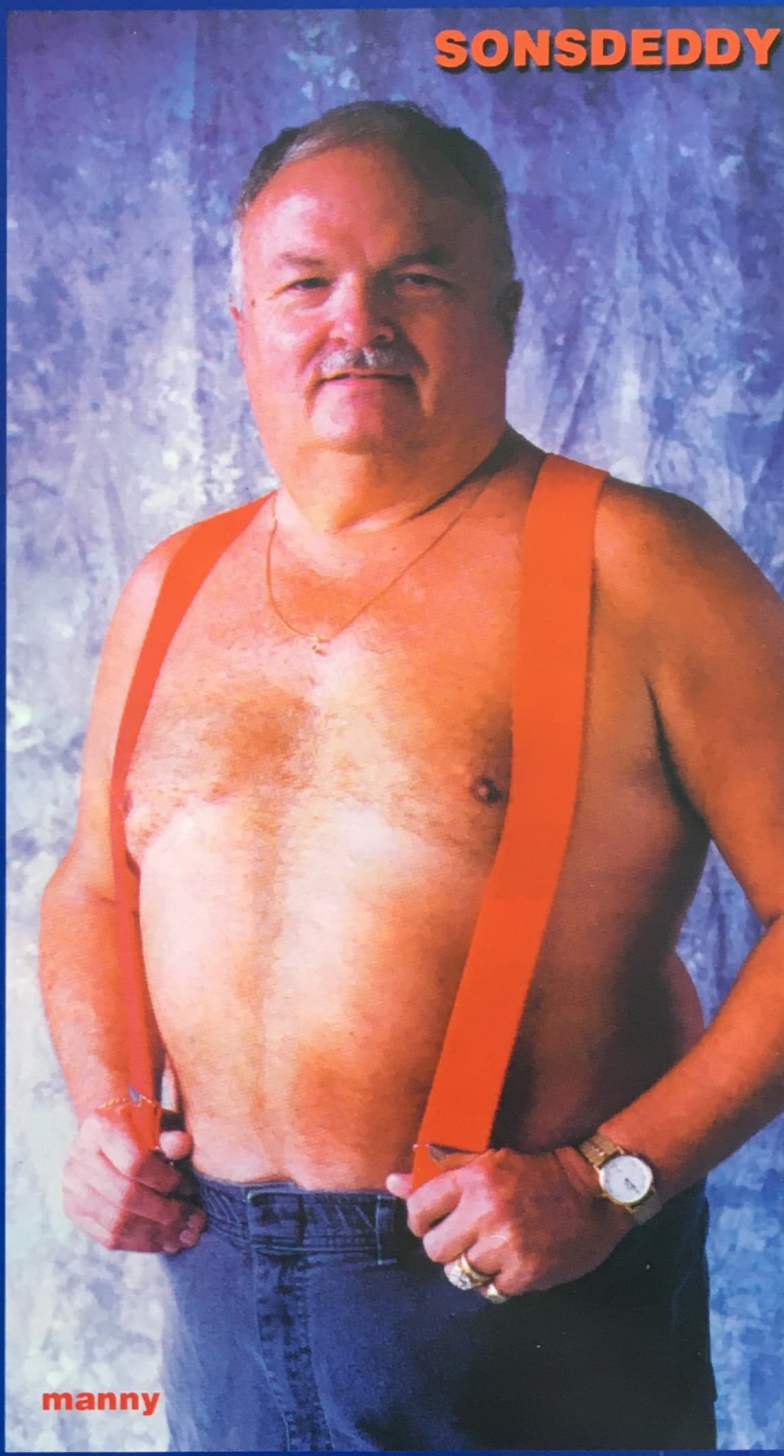
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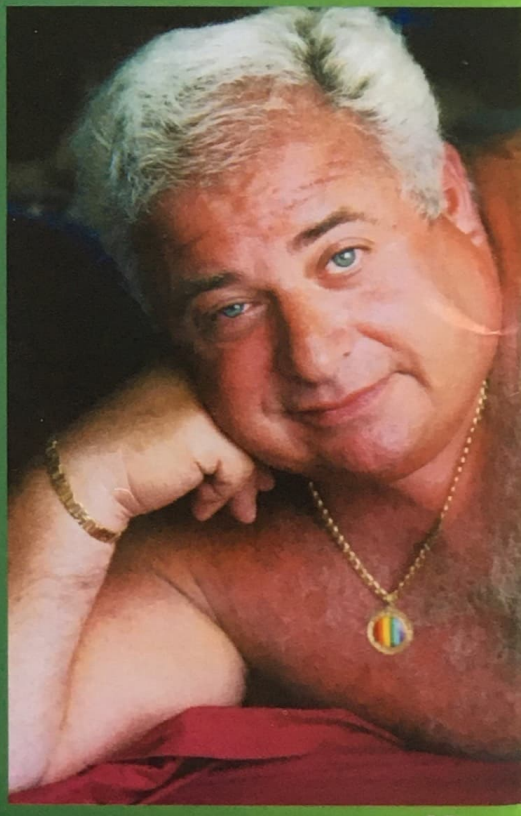


THE EYES HAVE IT

By Jason P. Williams

My Grandmother, who died young, said I had the devil in my eyes. I know she didn't mean it literally but, by the same token, she often told me that I shouldn't look people in the eye because it made them uncomfortable, including her. I couldn't see it myself. When I looked in the mirror all I saw was blue with kind of a thin black rim around the edges. I knew, because people told me and sometimes I saw it myself, the color of the blue brightened or darkened for no apparent reason. But, of course, it had to do with reflection or refraction like on a lake or pond. But I learned that Grandma's advice was good and for most of my life I've avoided giving anyone the full force of my gaze. Consequently, it's often assumed I'm shy (I'm not and never was) because I always look elsewhere when talking to people. When I was a kid I would forget and in the middle of even the most casual and meaningless conversations, if I made eye contact with the person I was talking to, they would forget what we were talking about and tell me how blue my eyes were. It got to be a pain in the butt so I took my Grandma's advice and stopped doing it. Looking people in the eye, I mean.

When she became mortally ill (I was only about ten at the time), she asked to see me. I stood by her hospital bed and fidgeted and scratched and my eyes ricocheted around the room, looking everywhere but at her. She reached out and pulled me closer to the edge of the bed and said, "Look at me Johnny."

I plucked at the edge of her blanket and let my eyes wander up the mound her motionless body made under the covers until my gaze locked on hers. I had been told she "wasn't long for this world" and I was reluctant to look death in the face. But it wasn't like that at all. It was just Grandma like always, a little tired looking but hardly anything to be afraid of.

But, as it turned out I was right, because after looking intensely into my eyes for a few seconds she said softly, "Uh, huh, I thought so," then laid her head back on the pillow and stopped breathing.

My first thought was that I had killed her and I held my palm up in front of my eyes to see if there was anything shooting out of them like a laser beam or something. Then I realized what had just happened and couldn't see anyway because of the mist.

Except for my eyes I was normal in every other way, no smarter or dumber than any of my peers. So when I turned 13 and puberty set in, in spite of Grandma's advice, I started using my eyes for whatever advantage I could. I would turn them on a scolding teacher to throw her off the track. I would use them against potential bullies and get away in the confusion. During my teenage years I had no epiphanies in Carrie-like fashion. You know what I mean by that right? You know, the movie Carrie? I didn't hurt anybody or get carried away with my "power" (such as it was) like Sissy Spacek. In fact, as I edged into my late teens I forgot all about it. No, really! I just instinctively didn't look directly into the eyes of others.

I think the only real epiphany, if you could call it that, was when I was in Vietnam. By that time I'd pretty much run the gamut of sexual experience and fucked

around with women and then men and had decided the latter would be the proclivity I would most certainly pursue the rest of my life. Not that I was all that experienced but I certainly had discovered what yanked my chain. And it sure wasn't pussy! It was big, solid men with attitude. I don't mean attitude as in arrogance; I suppose "confidence" is the right word.

We had several of these types in our company that made me break into nightsweats a whole lot, and it didn't always happen at night. Unfortunately, the absolute top of the list, a 10 in anybody's book (or, at least, fans of pure, animal, sweaty masculinity), was the asshole of the century. And on top of being one mean, ornery, super asshole of a Supply Sergeant, he was straight as a ruler and as homophobic as this man's Army could produce without throwing him into a cage for the protection of all mankind, much less the gay community. He was big and had a huge gut that he bragged about and constantly caressed and referred to as "my fuckin' best friend." Yet he worked out every day to build up his arms and thighs and chest and his neck was a roll of muscle. He never wore a shirt except when he had to and, for me, he was (physically) absolutely to die for. But that is probably what would happen to you, die I mean, if he so much as caught you looking at him crossed-eyed, much less trying to catch a glimpse of his beautiful butt. I looked anyway, but I was damned careful.

His royal assholeness was always going too far in his harassment of the troops and he got himself into trouble for it. The C.O. kept him on a tight rein (he should have been locked into real ones most of the time) but there was no way to keep him in line 24 hours a day. He was constantly catching a grunt or two and bracing them against a tree or wall and reading them the riot act for no reason other than that he was an asshole. It was a fucking pisser. We had enough on our minds in Nam without having to deal with this idiot. Vietnam had fucked him up good and we all knew it was only a matter of time before he would go totally out of control, do some real damage, and get his ass, beautiful or not, busted out of the Army altogether. In the meantime we all tried not to be the dead meat that would make this happen.

My run-in with him was a close call. But it was the one that broke him, so at least I accomplished something in Vietnam to be proud of. I'll never forget it. It's as vivid as if it had happened yesterday.

One minute earlier and Sgt. Fuckhead would have had a legitimate reason to give us his brand of shit. I had just gotten to my feet and my buddy Paco was safely zipped up. I had, as usual, buckled his knees so he was still a little shaky. We were both breathing hard but our heartbeats were in the process of slowing to normal. Paco was still clutching his shirt in his hand and his magnificent chest and belly were a river of sweat. I was sweating like a pig too but I had my shirt on (and a cum-eating grin), although it was unbuttoned and hanging loose.

Up until now the area behind the mess tent had been the latest in an ever-changing "meat rack" for those of us in-the-know. We found out later that Jocko had given the signal (kind of a clenched-teeth whistle) but I think at that particular moment Paco had his hands over my ears and his mind was on the moon which had the effect of clogging up his aural channels. As I recall now, this particular session was pretty intense since Paco and I were in the process of forming a primary attachment and I'm not surprised we didn't hear Jocko's warning.

Paco had just said "whew" and was lighting up a butt when said shithead sergeant came charging around the back of the tent.

"Ten-HUT! you motherfuckers," and then he got in our faces. Paco first.

"You fat fuck! What are you fairies doin' back here, suckin' each others pricks?" He was bare belly to bare belly with Paco, screaming in his face—another two inches and they would have been pressed together (quite a thought). Although the sergeant was considerably more muscular than Paco, their chests and bellies were almost a match. Paco had the advantage of being some 20 years younger than the sergeant, so the general tone of his body was sleek and firm, even though his neck and arms weren't as developed. As the

sergeant continued to spew rotten shit at Paco with "fat" this and "fat" that I thought, *Does this asshole really think he's not fat?* But, of course, it had more to do with his craziness than with his lack of self-awareness.

I stayed braced at attention, tuning him out and letting my eyes go out of focus (which, as you know if you've done time in the military, helps in maintaining the rigid posture). I just hoped he'd run out of steam on Paco before it was my turn. No such luck.

He practically leaped at me and actually snarled like a dog before sticking his nose an inch from mine. Although I didn't flinch, as he no doubt intended—I was tuned out pretty well—he brought me back far enough for me to be acutely aware of his gorgeous tits and stomach so close to mine. I could smell his musky sweat, and it combined with his closeness just enough so I got a hard-on! The man was truly crazy, but what did that have to do with the price of oysters? Paco had unloaded a couple of days worth of scum down my throat that was even now warming my belly, but we hadn't, luckily, gotten to my turn, and I hadn't gotten off, so now I was really in trouble! I just hoped to God the sergeant never looked down. He was ballistic enough as it was. I needn't have worried, because he was too engrossed in reading me my own up-close and personal riot act.

For pure survival's sake I set my mind to just endure the abuse and hoped it wouldn't accelerate into physical damage. Then he did something that brought my blood to a boil. He spit on me. At first, every time he screamed a word that started with a "p," which included my last name and "prick," he sprayed me with saliva, which was not pleasant by any means, but it was, at least, inadvertent. The problem was that this did make me flinch. And the fucker noticed. I could almost see the idea grow in his pea brain, his mean eyes lit up and, then, inevitably, his lips and tongue worked up a wad of spit. When the hawker hit me right between the eyes and started running down either side of my nose I almost lost it, just like the sergeant wanted me to, so he could beat the shit out of me. I knew Paco would have tried to help but then there would have been two grunts as damaged goods.

When the saliva hit my face, Paco said, "Ah, jeez," which made the sergeant whirl around and yell, "Fuck off you fat faggot...."

I let my eyes come into focus and when he turned back to me I was ready.

"...I'll get back to you when I'm through with this cocksu...." He froze in mid-sentence.

The silence was deafening. And I had him. My eyes were locked onto, no *into*, his. I'm not real sure what happened, but I think it was the result of a combination of three things: fear, anger and, yes, extreme horniness, a combination that created a force I had only peripherally experienced before.

All I did was stare at him. Not stare, actually, but more of a "looking into" him. Maybe into his soul (although that sounds pretty arrogant). Whatever it was I could definitely see (or sense. rather) he was—oh, yes, was he ever—a madman, and I knew if I didn't maintain control it would lead to destruction, perhaps my own.

So I continued "looking" at him. He stood there like an animal trapped in headlights, only it was broad daylight. He tried to speak; I could see his jaw working, but nothing came out. He started trembling all over and tried again to form words. But he could only manage their guttural beginnings: "gu.... hu.... uhhhh...."

Although I never unlocked my eyes from his (until it was safe), I knew everything that happened to him, head-to-toe. He became a tower of sweat and drool. His trembling accelerated into an uncontrollable palsy, and he began spastically cupping his belly with his arms, his hands clawing at first his crotch and then his chest. His nipples were bright red points of painful hard flesh as he pinched them roughly until they looked swollen and bruised. The heavy khaki at his crotch bulged as his cock engorged with hot blood. His huge piece of meat strained the cloth to the ripping point and circles of liquid formed at it's tip. He compulsively clenched his fists and desperately punched himself in the crotch but only succeeded in making his cock even harder. No amount of punishment could stop it.

Suddenly the shaking of his

body reached earthquake proportions and he fell to his knees, his eyes still locked to mine, only by now he was blinded by a flood of tears. He was wracked by sobs and then he bellowed like a bull as sexual release flooded his pants with gob after gob of hot cum, the stain running down his leg from the great waves of liquid. He screamed with each convulsion as his orgasms burned through his brain, shorting out his sanity altogether. He came and came as his body relieved itself of it's basic essence which, I think, only incidentally included his semen Each time he orgasmed he roared. It seemed to go on and on. Finally he was empty, his hands fell to his sides and he hung in space, suspended in mid-air by the strength of the connection between us. He moaned pathetically and, although I was relieved it was over, I felt no triumph or elation. I just felt damn tired.

So I raised my eyes and let him go.

He immediately crashed prone in the dirt and his body gave one final spasm, raising a cloud of dust. He coughed and flopped over on his back, his body and face covered with tears, snot, sweat and cum which now mingled with dirt to form a mud of madness.

Naturally, by now, because of all the noise, a crowd had gathered and they were all staring at the sergeant like they'd seen a ghost. I touched Paco's arm and he jumped a foot. "Let's get out of here," I said and led him around the side of the tent.

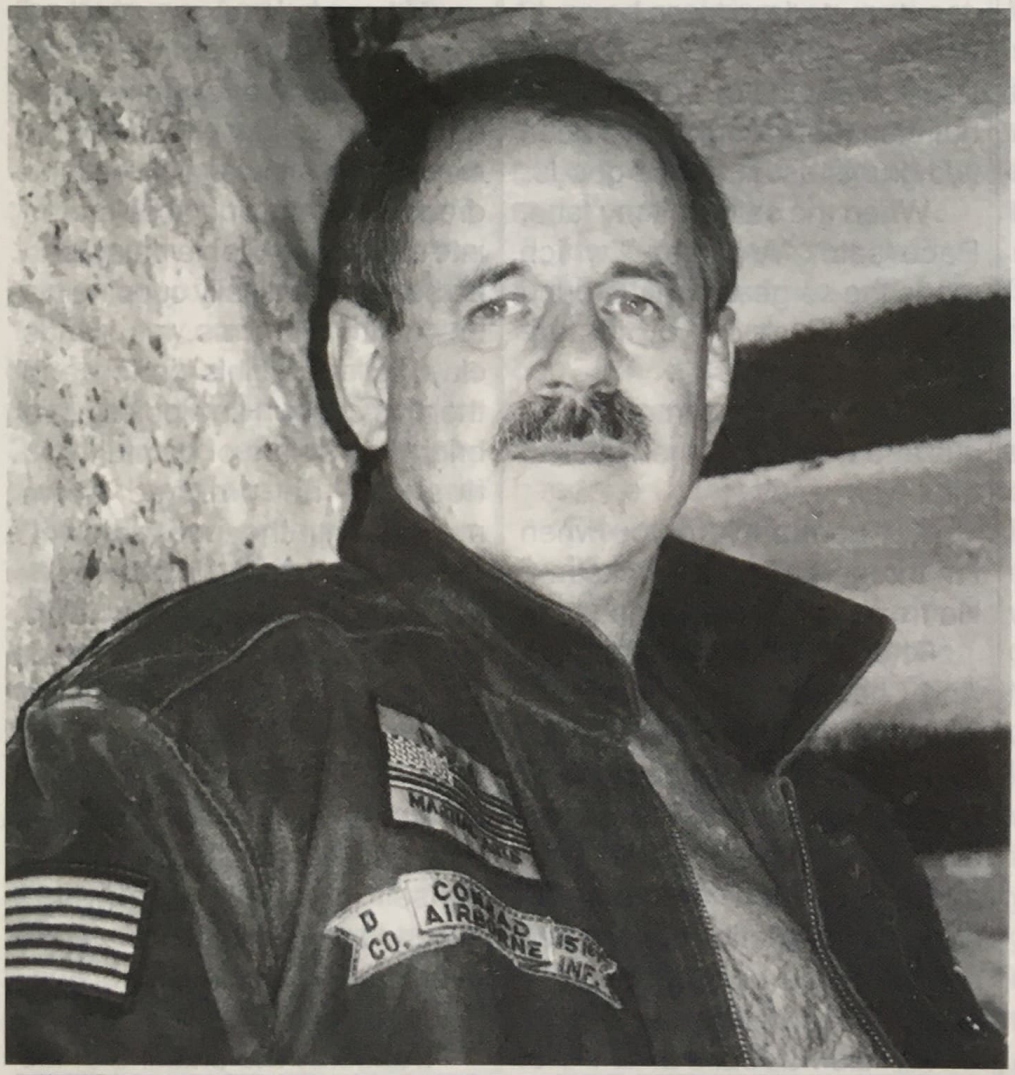
After we'd put a few yards between us and the "scene of the crime," he turned to me, "What the hell happened?"

I didn't look at him. "I dunno, he just went crazy." And we never spoke of it again.

But I did know. I had just had, without his permission (was it rape?), hot homosex with a straight, phobic, macho-man and it had driven him over the edge. How did I know we had sex? If Paco had been a little more alert he would have seen the blotches on my own pants. I had come at the same time as the sergeant. And just as copiously and equally orgasmic. But, as I said, I felt nothing but
blessed relief that it was all over.

We never saw the sergeant again. A couple of months later I was called into the Adjutant's office, and the officer asked me if I knew what happened. I told him I didn't have a clue.

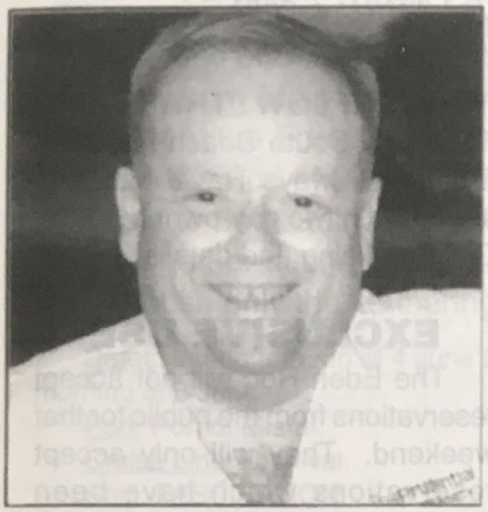
But I didn't look him in the eye.



JASON P. WILLIAMS lives in Brooklyn and likes writing, the beach, and the theater. He especiall enjoys giving unsolicited opinions. He's always searching for typographical errors and accomplished penpals.

Mike Deveau

REALTOR



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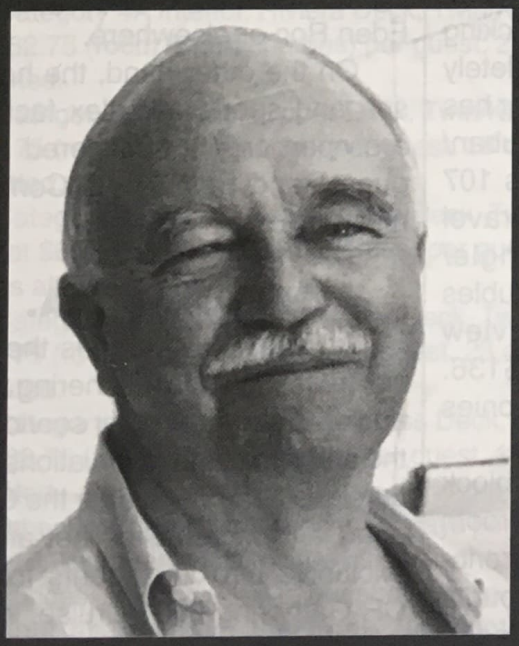

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CR GATHERING 2001

EDEN ROC RESORT AND SPA - MIAMI BEACH - JUNE 1 THRU 4, 2001

REGISTRATION FOR CR EVENTS

We offer our best package ever to delegates: poolside receptions, great dinners, outstanding world-class entertainment of every genre, exclusive use of two large heated pools, a farewell breakfast, workshops, D.J. Dancing, and a very simpatico, gay-friendly atmosphere.

To register with CR, complete registration form on page 54 and send it in to us as soon as possible before we sell out of space. Please note that full day passes are now available.

EVENTS SCHEDULE

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 2001: Medallion and badge distribution, day pass sales, Expo opens, Reception and Orientation party. Start of 4-day, non-stop pool party to end all pool parties.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2nd: Epo, Workshops, Recitals, Poolside Reception, Luau, Remembrance Ceremony, D.J. Dancing, Cabaret Entertaiment.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3rd: Expo, Workshops, Recitals, Poolside Reception, Dinner Show OR Alfresco Buffet, D.J. Dancing, Cabaret Entertainment.

MONDAY, JUNE 4th: Breakfast Buffet, Final Words, transfer to Optional Cruise.

TUESDAY, JUNE 5th: Key West.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6th: Playa del Carmen, Mexico.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7th: Sailing on the high seas.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8th: Arrive at Port of Miami.

THE HOTELS

The host hotel, Eden Roc, is sold out, but we do expect cancellations. If you wish to wait-list for the Eden Roc, call us at (760) 868-6371. We will then assign you a priority number. At that point, we will refer you to ALWAYS TRAVEL, who will book you in the very nearby overflow hotel of your choice. If and when an Eden Roc room opens up to you, we will assign you a room and have you cancel your existing reservation.

If you don't want to be wait-listed and wouldn't mind a short walk on the beach or the boardwalk, contact ALWAYS TRAVEL for overflow choices. Everything from no-frills to suites with oceanfront balconies are offered by ALWAYS TRAVEL.

OVERFLOW ONE (adjacent to the Fountainebleu's south) - Your editor worked at this hotel in 1966, when it housed an exclusive back bar frequented by the likes of Frank Sinatra, Milton Berle, Joe E. Ross, and numerous bodyguards packing heat. It has now been completely renovated, and the famous bar has been turned into a fabulous Cuban/Caribbean reataurant. It has 107 rooms and offers Always Travel customers a standard single/double rate of $126 (two doubles or one king). For ocean view rooms, the rate would be $136. Oceanfront rooms with balconies are available.

OVERFLOW TWO (one block south of Eden Roc) - This 145-room hotel has also been recently renovated and offers a single/double rate of $109 (two double beds). This hotel also has oceanfront rooms with balconies.

OVERFLOW THREE and FOUR (in South Beach Art Deco District) - Always Travel has contracted with two gay-owned hotels. Call for pricing and details.

EXCLUSIVE USE

The Eden Roc will not accept reservations from the public for that weekend. They will only accept reservations which have been cleared through CR. Those who are not registered with CR will not be able to stay in the Eden Roc on Friday, Saturday or Sunday nights.

If you are registered with CR and have booked a room at Eden Roc, and you are bromgomg a guest who plans not to register with CR, please take note: That hotel guest will have access to the hotel's restaurant and spa, but the entire pool area and function rooms will be off limits to him. CR has acquired exclusive use of facilities, and the terrace and pool areas are open only to medallioned CR delegates, whether staying at the Eden Roc or elsewhere.

On the other hand, the hotel's spa and sports complex facilities are open only to registered hotel guests and Spa/Sports Complex members

OFFICIAL T.A.

Always Travel, Inc. is the official travel agent for Gathering 2001 and also offers superior services in the areas of plane reservations, excursions before and after the Gathering, and car rentals. They are the exclusive booking agents for the CR Gathering 2001 Cruise, which is described on the following page.

CR CRUISE 2001

On behalf of CR, Always Travel has negotiated an optional 4-day cruise which will sail Monday, June 4th from Miami to Cozumel, Mexico, with a stop in Key West. After the Monday farewell breakfast at the Eden Roc, special busses will take delegates who have signed up for the optional cruise to the Port of Miami. The ship will return to Miami on Thursday, June 8th. The cruise will be available to both Gathering delegates and non-delegates alike. We will still be CR, however, and will sit together during dinner and be offered special private cocktail parties and other events. You may choose only the Gathering, only the Cruise, or you may choose to take advantage of both.

Dates: Late afternoon of 4 June 2001 to early morning of 8 June.

Port: Port of Miami.

Cruise Line: Carnival.

Ship: FASCINATION.

Destinations: Key West (Florida, USA) and Cozumel (Yucatan, Mexico).

Itinerary: Monday, June 4th, Port of Miami, departure 4:00pm *** Tuesday, June 5th, Port of Key West, arrival 7:30am, departure 2:00pm *** Wednesday, June 6th, Port of Playa del Carmen (operational stop for Tulum tour debarkation only) arrival 12:00pm, departure 12:30pm *** Wednesday, June 6th, Port of Cozumel, arrival 1:30pm, departure 10:00pm ***Thur., June 7th, "Fun Day" at Sea *** Fri., June 8th, Port of Miami, arrival 7:00am.

Cabins/Staterooms: We have 23 cabins held for us in category 4A, 18 cabins in category 4C, 18 cabins in category 6A, 23 cabins in category 6C, and 18 cabins in category 6D. Each cabin holds two persons. The actual cabin numbers are not available from Carnival.

Prices (all quoted in U.S. dollars): All rooms are priced for two person occupancy. If you require a room alone, the price is double the per- person price.

Category 4A Interior, Riviera Deck, Twin/King at $562.75 (room & port charges) per guest, 23 cabins allocated.

Category 4C Interior, Upper Deck, Twin/King at $602.75 (room & port charges) per guest, 18 cabins allocated.

Category 6A Ocean view, Riviera Deck, Twin/King at $642.75 (room & port charges) per guest, 18 cabins allocated.

Category 6C Ocean view, Upper Deck, Twin/King at $702.75 (room & port charges) per guest, 23 cabins allocated.

Category 6D Ocean view, Empress Deck, Twin/King at $732.75 (room & port charges) per guest, 18 cabins allocated.

Other Charges: Every passenger pays port charges of $103.75. This charge is already included in the above stateroom prices. Also included in the above price is a seat on our charter bus from the Eden Roc Hotel and the Fontainebleau Hotel to the pier on Monday afternoon.

Mandatory extra charges for each guest are Departure Tax $3.00, Customs Fee $1.75.

Optional extra charges which you may or may not choose are:

Cruise Vacation Protection Insurance (includes trip cancellation, trip interruption, trip delay, baggage protection, medical expense, AIG assist, emergency evacuation) $49.00. This is an important optional coverage.

Pre-paid Gratuities $38.00.

Bus from Pier to Miami Airport at end of cruise $10.00. (Taxis will also be available and can be shared.)

Please make your selections at the time of reservation.

Special Needs: must be addressed very early and brought to ATI's attention.

Passport Data: Citizens of USA and Canada need proof of citizenship. If you will not be using a passport for this purpose, please inquire about the requirements. Non-citizens of USA not residing in USA need a passport. Non-citizens of USA residing in USA should inquire about their document needs.

Reservations: Your reservation for space in a stateroom is confirmed upon payment of $250.00 to Always Travel, Inc. by check or credit card. Your next payment of an additional $150.00 is due by Dec. 1, 2000. Your final payment of the balance is due by March 21, 2001. These payments are also made to Always Travel, Inc.

Roommates: If you desire assistance in finding someone to share your cabin, Always Travel, Inc. will help you. Call ATI for details.

Cancellations: If you cancel before April 16, 2001, Carnival will refund your payment in full with no penalty. Always Travel, Inc. will assess a $100.00 service charge for a cancellation. For other changes in your booking, Carnival may assess a charge. Always Travel, Inc. will assess a $25.00 service charge for each change.

Other Travel Information: Information about time considerations, overflow or alternative lodging, airline convention discounts, car rentals, and other travel related services may be obtained by contacting Always Travel, Inc. at (888) 466-2929 (toll-free within U.S.) or (330) 649-9960 (international). Fax: (330) 649-9575.
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GATHERING 2001 REGISTRATION FORM

I AM RESERVING ☐ $250 ($225 if post-marked by 12/31/00) MEDALLION(S) WHICH WILL ADMIT ME INTO ALL FOUR-DAY EVENTS.

I AM RESERVING ☐ $70 MEDALLION(S) WHICH WILLADMIT ME INTO ALL EVENTS ON FRIDAY ONLY, INCLUDING THE RECEPTION.

I AM RESERVING ☐ $115 MEDALLION(S) WHICH WILL ADMIT ME INTO ALL EVENTS ON SATURDAY ONLY, INCLUDING THE POOLSIDE LUAU.

I AM RESERVING ☐ $115 MEDALLION(S) WHICH WILL ADMIT ME INTO ALL EVENTS ON SUNDAY ONLY, INCLUDING THE POOLSIDE BUFFET (BUT NOT THE DINNER SHOW).

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The above fees are nonrefundable except in cases of doctor-confirmed ill health or the death of a family member or mate, in which case they are fully refundable. In other cases, CR will credit delegate's account for the full amount for use in future merchandise or services.

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EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, MIDDLE EAST, AUSTRALIA - VIA AIR MAIL - U.S.$48.00
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CR CONTACT NETWORK AD FORM

Note: CR subscribers receive four (4) complimentary ads with $44 subscription or $44 renewal. VIPs receive unlimited complimentary ads (virtually all gathering delegates are VIPs). Please ensure that your ad does not exceed 50 words. Sorry, ads are not available to non-subscribers.

PRINT LEGIBLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. If any detail is unclear or missing, ad will be rejected and returned. State exactly how you want you ad to read in the magazine:

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Signature: _____

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STATISTICS

Betcha couldn't guess where the largest pockets of CR Family Members are located. We are located in all 50 states and 52 countries, but the regions where most CR guys are found are:

1. Southern California - 10.4%
2. Florida - 8.8%
3. Northern California - 6.1%
4. New York State - 5.37%
5. Texas - 4.2%
6. Ohio - 2.4%
7. Illinois - 2.4%
8. Pennsylvania - 2.1%
9. Japan - 2.1%
10. Canada - 1.8%

How about metro areas? Here are the top twelve:

1. Los Angeles - 4.1%
2. San Francisco - 3.8%
3. NYC - 3.1%
4. Ft. Lauderdale - 3.0%
5. Palm Springs - 2.0%
6. Chicago - 1.8%
7. San Diego - 1.6%
8. Seattle - 1.3%
9. Dallas/Ft. Worth - 1.2%
10. Phoenix - 1.1%
11. Houston - .9%
12. Atlanta - .7%

MORE NEW ORLEANS GATHERING PHOTOS

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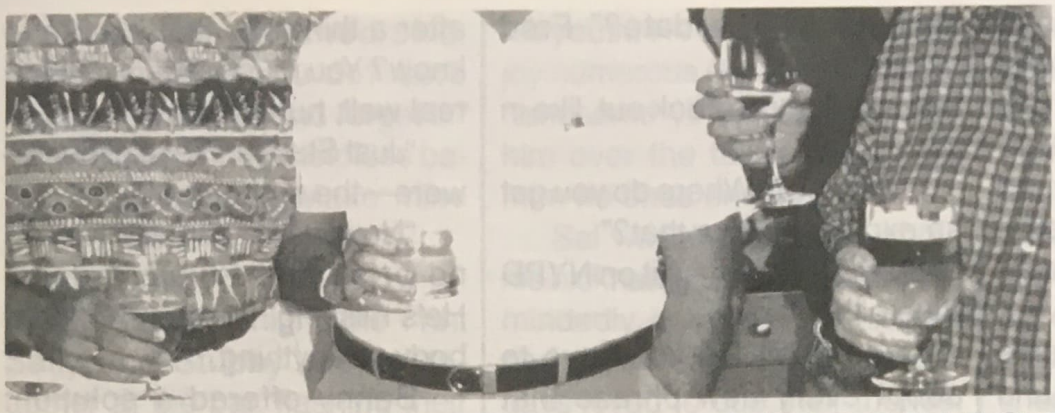


HAPPY HOUR

fiction by TECUMSEH

Manny Fine reacted to the 4 o'clock news on his car radio by driving straight to the bar through a California downpour. The report stunned him. The tears in his eyes merged with the streaks on his windshield; he arrived without incident only because he was driving on automatic pilot. All week he had worried about Stubby's whereabouts, and now they discovered Sally, a suicide in his car at the airport. Too much to take, thought Manny. He wanted a stiff drink.

Fred Storch settled his wide buttocks onto the barstool next to Manny despite the fact that the rest of the bar was deserted. Neither said a word until Mitch the bartender took Fred's order for a scotch, and Fred turned to Manny to ask if he could use a freshener.

"Yeah," Manny grunted. "Make it a double."

"Whoa, young fella," he said to the 70 year old. "What's your problem? And what're you doing here this early? You don't usually start drinking 'til dark."

Into his hands, cupped around his glass of Jack Daniels, Manny muttered, "I guess you haven't heard the news."

"Get him his drink, Mitch...on my tab. Heard? What news?"

"Barry Salazar was found in his car in the airport parking lot today with a bullet through his head. He died on the way to the hospital."

"Sally?...Jesus H fucking Christ! Somebody shot Sally?"

"Police say probable suicide."

"No kidding! What about his partner? Nobody's seen Stubby for a week!" He tossed his scotch back and thought a moment. "Do you think there's a connection?...Who found him?"

"Cops on patrol saw the car parked alone, under the trees at the back of the lot. I heard it on the radio an hour ago." Manny stared unseeing into his glass.

Mitch came back and leaned across the bar. "Hey, guys, did I hear right? Sally's dead?"

Manny sighed heavily. Fred, who had hardly known Sally and Stubby, was less affected by the news. "Yeah," he answered, "and Stubby's still missing."

"I just saw Stubby a week ago, what's today...the eighteenth? Yeah. I was behind the bar one week ago, Saturday night. They came in together just like always around ten p.m....You remember, Manny; I saw you talking to Stubby. They seemed all right. The usual horsing around, the usual bitching and arguing, nothing physical."

Benny Perreau came up behind the two seated men and placed an arm on each of their shoulders. "You guys are really getting a jump on the rest of us. We're gonna have to drink fast to catch up."

"Hi Benny." Fred swiveled his barstool to face him. "You get rained off the course? Manny says they found Barry Salazar shot in the head in his car today....Where do you suppose he got the gun?"

"He had a permit," Manny muttered while Benny digested the news.

"Couldn't've happened to a nicer guy," beamed Benny.

"Aw, come on, Benny, nobody wishes such a thing on somebody else."

"Yeah, I do. You listen up, Manny. If you got treated like a rag, the way Salazar treated me, you'd be glad he got it too."

"What the hell'd he ever do to you?" Manny asked.

"He made dates with me, never showed. He made promises, strung me along for months...took gifts, never kept his word...about anything, and then threw me over for some cluck in Palm Springs. I hope he suffered—I know I did."

There were a few moments of silence as the two patrons and the bartender individually contemplated just how much torment Barry Salazar deserved for treating Benny badly. Then Fred asked Benny, "When was all this going on? Everybody in this bar knows everybody else's business. How come I never heard this one? Did you know this, Manny?"

From across the bar, sitting and listening, Wayne Wu spoke up. "I didn't know about Benny," he said, "but the same thing happened to me."

"You too, Wayne?"

"Yeah, Benny, and maybe a lot of other guys. Sally was good at getting a relationship going, but not so good at following through."

Fred said, "Wow! I hadn't realized. You think you know someone..."

Everyone took a moment to reflect on his acquaintance with Sally, and wondered what hint of a selfish or inconsiderate nature he had missed. Mitch left to fill an order on the other side of the horseshoe bar. At last Manny spoke softly into his double Jack: "D'ya know what I think? I think Sally took out Stubby and then killed his self a week later in remorse. That's what I think."

"Took out? What's this 'took out'? Like on a date?" Fred asked.

"No, dummy. Took out, like in murdered."

"Took out? Where do you get an expression like that?"

"On TV. They use it on NYPD Blue all the time."

"You putz. Do you have to adopt every new phrase that comes along? Took out, my ass....Why do you say such a thing? They were always together."

"And always fightin'. Stubby would be smilin' as he talked to you, and through his curled lips he'd be sayin', 'That sonovabitch, I'll get him if it's the last thing I do.'"

"Why, what was the problem?" Fred asked. "They never let on there was one when they were together."

"Did you know," Manny continued, "that Sally shot at Stubby once? Huh? That guy was a loose cannon."

Fred and Benny took in deep breaths on that news. "No! Hell, no. What was that about?"

"They were arguin', about men, the house, their cars—who knew why they would argue at the drop of a hat?—and Sally grabbed his gun and threatened Stubby. Stubby said, 'Shoot, you motherfucker. Go ahead and shoot me, Dago bastard. You haven't got the guts.' So Sally fired. I saw the bullet in the wall. Stubby showed me one time when I was over his house."

Fred emitted a low whistle. "Jesus, you never know people. These are guys I've had a drink with....How do they live together after a thing like that, I'd like to know? You must've known them real well, huh, Manny?"

"Just Stubby. We're almost—were—the same age."

"Now wait a minute. There's no proof that Stubby's dead. He's missing. No one's found a body or anything."

Benny offered a solution. "Maybe Sally chopped him into little bits."

"Aw, for Chrissakes, Benny, I'm drinkin' here. Gimme a break, huh?"

Benny shrugged.

Wayne, across the bar, said, "I wouldn't be surprised if Manny were right," but no one heard him because the noise level had increased considerably as the bar steadily filled for happy hour on Saturday evening.

"If Sally did kill Stubby," Manny theorized, "then we'll never know why, or what happened, because both the victim and the perp—that term is also from TV—are dead. But I think it's pretty open and shut. He owned a gun, he was a hothead, he shot Stubby and got rid of the body, and then drove around for a week tryin' to figure out what he should do. Maybe he was thinkin' of hoppin' a flight somewhere. But in the end, he just couldn't do it, so he killed his self."

By then, news of Sally's suicide had spread through the bar and everyone was buzzing about it. The three men realized they were the center of a group of eavesdroppers, all regulars at the bar, who were hanging on their words.

"Shrug it off," Fred said. "What else can you do? Let's have a few drinks and forget it."

Manny nodded, helpless before Fred's logic. "Make mine another double."

On Saturday night, the 11th, Sally and Stubby arrived together at the bar, flashing their usual broad smiles. Neither looked at or talked directly to the other, but to those who noticed them, they purposefully appeared like a happy couple. Quickly they separated: Sally to chat with the older crowd that appealed to him, Stubby to exchange jokes with his cronies while keeping a sharp eye peeled for the younger men who frequented the bar in search of their elders.

Stubby got his sobriquet in 1950 when Guys and Dolls opened on Broadway. He was a short man, about 5'4" in elevator shoes, and had always been heavy. His friends quickly pointed out that he resembled Stubby Kaye, and the name stuck. He spent a lifetime yearning to be tall and slender because, after a marriage that yielded three short, straight sons, he entered the gay scene and found he was less than in demand. However, as his hair thinned, then receded, leaving him with a crown of white fuzz about an inch wide circling his pate, he became aware that he appealed to certain young men who were only turned on by chubby daddies. In fact, at 67, he felt more confident about his appearance than ever he had in his youth. He could recount with joy numerous occasions when a handsome youngster preferred him over the taller, better-built men he once envied.

Sal wasn't too happy about his nickname which was simple-mindedly derived from his last name. He hated the girl-names gays loved to dub their friends, and often reminded himself his was just short for Salazar to keep from punching out someone who called him Sally. He was about 5'8" tall and, to his way of thinking, too short. To compensate for his height he spent hours in the gym developing an admirable chest, cut abs, and bulging biceps. These he covered with long-sleeved, loose-fitting shirts to emphasize by understatement the great strength he possessed. He would have had no difficulty finding partners his own age, except for the double yoke his God had lain across his shoulders: he was gay; and he was cursed to be aroused only by older men.

Three years ago, Sally and Stubby seemed ideally suited to each other—almost. Sally had come out of a seven-year monogamous relationship with a mentor he really loved, and who loved him in return, but had the misfortune to die of heart disease at 53. After a suitable grieving period, he cast around for a replacement and thought he found one in Rick. But Rick didn't like nightlife or the bars, and he wasn't outgoing like Sally, so they parted amicably. Then he met Stubby in the bar. Stubby's looks didn't faze Sally; hell, they were an advantage in that when he was with Stubby, he was the guy who drew all the attention. That was understood between them. Stubby dressed in muted tones to conceal his paunch, while Sally wore the bright colors of the male of the species to draw attention to his imposing chest and flat belly. The one divisive issue between them was that Sally demanded fidelity from Stubby, but, as much as Stubby liked his new lover, he was not about to give up the other young men who found him attractive. Now that Stubby had come into his own, he could never get enough attention.

As Stubby chatted with Manny Fine, a longtime friend with whom he comfortably shared a similar physical appearance and a huge appetite for good-looking youngsters, a well-built youth in his thirties ambled into the bar wearing a form-fitting shirt that displayed his toned torso as though he wore nothing at all. "Whoosh!" Stubby interrupted himself, shaking his hand in the air as if he had just touched something too hot to handle. "Wow!" agreed Manny. "What a built on that guy." While the youngster ordered a drink from Mitch, the two men ogled him. As the young man turned from the bar, he locked eyes with Stubby, who went into action.

"That shirt! I love that shirt! I want it!" he called above the din.

"What would you do with it? It's too small for you."

"I'd rip it off your back, that's what I'd do with it."

They all guffawed. Stubby reached out and grabbed the kid's developed pectoral with his right hand. "Wowee. You must spend a lotta time in the gym..."

He got no farther with the thought as Sal's arm came down out of nowhere and knocked Stubby's hand off the man's shirt. "Look, but don't touch," he threatened.

"Lighten up, Sal; you'll draw attention....Don't mind my partner," Stubby said to the youngster. "He's drinking tonight."

Sal hissed through smiling lips, "Touch him one more time and I'll blow you away. You're a goner. Hear me?"

"You can't order me around." Stubby stared Sal down. "Now go back to that old fart you're schmoozing, and we'll settle this at home."

Sal turned heel and disappeared into the crowd, leaving Stubby to repair the damage with his love interest.

"You got a car, kid? Why don't you and I get outta here? Let's go for a drive."

They drank up, and said goodnight to Manny. Stubby didn't have to look over his shoulder to know that Sal was watching them leave.

Sunday morning, Stubby rose early as was his custom, took his vitamins—15 in all—and settled back with the paper and a large mug of coffee. He could hear Sal going through his morning routine, a much more energetic one, consisting of stretches, sit-ups, and pushups. When Sal appeared in a tanktop displaying his pumped chest, he poured himself a protein shake of fresh fruits fortified with vitamins, and joined Stubby at the table. They sat in pressured silence, neither wanting to start a conversation or acknowledge there was something to talk about. After a while, without even realizing he was going to speak, Sal blurted, "Did you enjoy yourself last night, Stubbs?"

Stubby turned a page and considered his response carefully, sensing that what he said would affect the long-term course of events. He could say, "Not as good as it would've been with you, baby." Sal would melt and they would spend the rest of the day in bed, forgetting they had any differences between them. At those times, Sal hoped that Stubby would sense how much he loved him, turn over a new leaf, and become the faithful lover he wanted.

Or—he could say, "It was all right. I've had better. Not much you can do in a car." This would initiate a sermon on love getting better each time two men who loved each other made love, an old sermon he was tired of hearing because it held no meaning for him. He wasn't driven by a desire for great sex, but by a yearning to be appreciated, especially by a stranger, and the more strangers, the better.

So, purposefully, he chose the third path, the one that would churn Sal into a raging bull. "It was great. Man, could that kid suck cock! Only problem was the evening ended too early."

"Are you seeing him again?"

"Yeah, tonight," he lied. "I'm taking him to dinner."

Sal stood, ostensibly to put his glass back on the counter, but instead, he grabbed Stubby by the collar and pulled him out of his chair. Stubby looked up, not in fear, but in great satisfaction with the anger he could see rising in Sal's eyes.

"You fucking slimeball. You don't deserve me."

"You're right, I don't. Why don't you leave? Find someone who gives a shit."

Sal's face turned bright red. He shook the shirt, and then let it go. The puckered material stayed puffed where his grip had ironed-in the creases.

"I'm never gonna leave, you asshole. We're gonna make this thing work if I have to kill you."

"You fuckin' wop..." Stubby laughed. "You don't even think straight. What kinda relationship you gonna have with a corpse?"

Sal stared. Somewhere in his head he realized what nonsense they were speaking. It embarrassed and frustrated him. He bared his teeth with a growl and brought his left fist up hard with the power of his shoulder behind it, catching Stubby in the right eye.

Blood spurted from Stubby's nose. His eyes glazed and his knees buckled. Sal, in instant remorse, put out his hands to support the falling man. He had trouble grasping Stubby's arms as they flailed in a frenzy to keep him standing. In the end, they both lowered to their knees, Sal supporting Stubby until he came to rest on the floor. Three long scratches bled on Sal's right

forearm where Stubby had clawed at him, but most of the blood on the carpet gushed from Stubby's nose. Stubby was silent; Sal moaned and rocked back and forth.

"Oh Stubbs," he cried. "I didn't mean it. God knows I tried not to...I don't want to hurt you. I love you, for God's sake. Please forgive me...forgive me."

After a long minute, Stubby said, "Get a rag, will you? Help me to the bed. I need to lie down."

They stopped the bleeding with some cold packs, and Stubby fell asleep. Sal grabbed his gym bag and left the house. He needed to pump iron a few hours to tire himself out and get his mind in order.

Stubby stayed in bed the rest of the day. In the afternoon it rained, filling his Caddy convertible with two inches of water, but no one thought to put the top up. The phone rang several times. Caller-ID reported it was Manny. Stubby didn't pick up the phone, nor care. Later, after Sal returned, he answered the phone a couple of times, but as Stubby requested, he told each caller he'd leave a message for him.

On Monday, Sal went to work as usual. He noticed the Caddy top was down and this time his brain made the connection. He opened the door and let the water run out. He left the top down so it could dry in the sun.

Stubby didn't know how much he slept, or if he slept. He only knew he wasn't tired anymore, and he was thinking very clearly behind the ache in his right cheek. He got out of bed and started his computer. He examined his bank accounts and his investments. He had worked in import/export all his life and done very well, giving the business to his oldest son when he retired. Stubby still maintained several private overseas bank accounts created to simplify shifting money from country to country—he had a head for that sort of thing. He moved a little money around, sold a little stock at a profit, testing to see if it was all still doable, and still so easy. He turned the computer off. An idea had started to form in his head. He let it gel there as he fell asleep on the sofa.

He didn't get up until Sal left for work on Tuesday morning. He lay there with his eyes closed, listening to Sal tiptoeing around, and opening and closing drawers as gently as he had when they first started living together. That meant he was still in his apologetic mode.

In the bathroom, Stubby looked in the mirror at an eye ringed with purple and yellow. His cheekbone was bruised. He hoped it would heal in a week, but knew it would turn worse before it looked better. He splashed cold water on the swelling.

The phone started ringing at noon. Now that he knew he was leaving, he had no desire to answer it. Today he would choose where he was going. The leading contender was Brazil. His son made a good living there, exporting coffee and nuts. It was an easy place to start a new life. He'd visited several times and felt comfortable there. He and his son always got along—the only one of the three who accepted his gay father. Maybe they could do some business together. He realized he had made up his mind.

Two hours later he had his plane reservation and paid extra to have the ticket delivered by overnight mail. It was expensive because it was an unplanned trip, but the cost was unimportant. Now he needed to find his passport. But that could wait. Today he had to tell Sal what his plan was.

"I've been thinking," he said as they munched a pizza Sal brought home after work, "if you won't leave me, I'll leave you."

Sal looked up, the pizza dripping cheese from his mouth back to the plate. His eyes opened wide. "Where would you go?"

"I'll go visit my son in Belém. If I like it, I may stay there."

"How would we split things up?"

"You take them. Take it all. I can't use this crap down there. Sell the Caddy and send me the money. When and if you decide to sell the house, send me half."

"It's your house!"

Stubby shrugged. "Send me three-quarters."

Sal felt ashamed. No wonder he loved this guy. "I don't want you to go."

"There's no other way. I can't—don't want to change the way I live. You can't tolerate my lifestyle. So my mind is made up; I'm leaving."

"When?"

"I bought my ticket today. I'll have it in my hand tomorrow."

"You're sure it's what you want?"

"I'm sure it's what we hafta do to get out of this relationship alive."

"I wouldn't hurt you."

"You already have."

"A blackeye. What's a blackeye?"

"This time."

The phone rang. Sal got up to answer.

"Tell whoever it is, I'm not here, you don't know where I am. I'll call back when I get back."

"Hey, I can't keep lying like that. Manny'll come looking for you."

"I don't want to talk to anyone. I don't wanna have to discuss pros and cons. I just want to do what I'm gonna do, and talk about it after it's done."

"OK. Whatever you say."

Wednesday Stubby ransacked the house for his passport. His eye looked yellow and deep purple, maybe a little black. Constant ice packs helped, but it was going to take all week, he could see that. The passport was nowhere to be found.

He tried the nightstand next to Sal's bed. The open drawer revealed the gun Sal had fired at him, a Smith & Wesson 38. Nothing more. He closed it. Something new caught his eye. He opened it again. The revolver was resting on an envelope he hadn't seen before. When he pushed the weapon aside he could read the words "For Rick" on the envelope. Why would Sal write Rick? Carefully, Stubby slipped the page from the envelope. He hadn't seen a handwritten letter in some time. He needed his glasses to decipher the rough scrawl.

Rick, if you're reading this letter then I've done a terrible thing. Stubbs presses my buttons so hard sometimes I'm afraid I'm going to kill him in a fit of temper. And if I do, I'll kill myself. I couldn't live with his death on my conscience. He means the world to me. I'd give my life for him, but I'd take his to keep him from betraying me. He makes me look like such a schmuck. I know this doesn't make sense, but I can't help myself. Sometimes I see blood in front of my eyes—his. I hope you never have to read this. Barry

For a long moment Stubby stared flabbergasted. He had never realized he was in mortal danger, not even when Sal shot at him. Physical danger, yes. He was even guilty of, just as Sal said, pushing his buttons. He put the letter back into its envelope in the drawer and sat for hours at the kitchen table turning over alternate scenarios this new information suggested. He decided not to look for the passport anymore. He had a pretty good idea who had taken it.

That night he asked Sal, "Where'd my passport get to?"

"I hid it. I don't want you to go."

"Sal, if you love me like you say you do, listen to poppa, I'm older and wiser, it'll be good for you, you'll see. I drive you nuts. You need to get away from me as much as I need to leave you." He raised his voice. "Sal, there are other fish in the sea. You can be happy with someone else."

"I want you. God knows why I want you, but I do."

"Sally...baby...Hear me. Get it into your head. I ain't never gonna change. I love you too, but we can't live like this."

Sal got up from the table and went into his room. He returned and tossed the passport on the table. "I hate you, you goddamned son of a bitch. I hope you rot in hell." He left for the bar.

Thursday, after work, Sal reported the convertible was almost totally dry again. There wasn't any conversation other than that, except for Stubby's asking him to drive him to the airport early Saturday morning.

"It's late," he said. "I'm catching a red-eye."

Sal slumped. "Sure. I'll do that for a buddy. They're asking about you at the bar."

"What d'ya tell them?"

"I tell 'em I haven't seen you. I don't know where you've gone. I tell 'em I'm not your keeper." He managed a wan smile.

Stubby spent his last day in the house on the computer, shifting assets around. He researched "extradition" on the net. Satisfied, he copied down all his passwords and slipped them into his wallet. Then he erased everything that belonged to him from the machine's memory with a utility program that guaranteed no one could recover the data.

At 3 a.m. Sal put Stubby's heavy suitcase in the back seat of his car. "What'd you pack in this thing? Clothes can't be that heavy."

"I just took some personal things. Shaving kit, pictures. Things I wanted to have with me. Nothing else."

They drove the fifteen minutes in silence, music from the radio filling the space between them. The airport was deserted. Stubby wore sunglasses to cover his discolored eye.

"Don't drop me at the check-in. Park out in the lot. I wanna say goodbye and we can't do it right in public."

Sal understood. He parked in isolation way back in the lot under some trees where they were essentially hidden from prying eyes. He left the motor running so he could keep the air-conditioner on. He turned to Stubby. "Stubbs..." Tears glistened in his eyes.

"Don't talk. Words were never good between us." Stubby leaned over and they embraced, the younger man smothering the older with passionate kisses, not only on the mouth, but all over his face and bald head.

For a moment, Stubby enjoyed himself, as though he had a new hunky youngster in the car with him. Then he forcibly pushed Sal away. "I gotta go." He started out of the car.

"Where you goin'? That suitcase weighs a ton. Wait, I'll drive you."

Stubby pulled the case from the rear seat. "No, I don't want you to. It's got wheels. Let's just leave it like this, where no one can see us both bust into tears." He wheeled the suitcase around to the driver's side. "Don't forget to put the top up on the Caddy."

Sal looked through the open window. "I'll do it as soon as I get home. Don't worry."

"I don't," Stubby said. "Goodbye."

Sal's right hand came up automatically to shake hands, but Stubby's was holding something. He pressed the muzzle to Sal's temple and pulled the trigger. The sharp report startled him but died away before Sal's head snapped back from the right and came to rest on his chest.

After wiping the gun clean, Stubby used his handkerchief to open the car door. He lifted Sal's left hand and rubbed his palm against Sal's palm, and each finger against the corresponding one in an attempt to transfer some of the telltale powder marks. It might not work, but it was worth a try.

Sal's hand was still warm. Stubby pressed the fingers around the gun's grip as he'd seen it done in the movies. It wasn't easy like they showed, but it could be done. When he let go, Sal's hand dropped to his lap and the gun fell to the floor. Stubby tossed the envelope addressed to Rick on the seat beside the body. Then he raised the electric window and pressed the doorlock on. He left the motor running and slammed the car door.

"You stupid putz. Ya really think I was gonna live in fear, waiting for you to come after me, not knowing when you would decide to do it? You've hit me for the last time, buddy-boy. Rest in fucking peace."

He started wheeling his case toward the airport departure building. On his way, he passed a dumpster and stopped. He opened his case, took out a shoulder-bag, and tossed the other contents—bundled newspapers—over the dumpster's side. He left one bundle in the case for weight.

By the time the cops found Sally's body at 3 p.m. that afternoon, Stubby was sitting on his son's veranda sipping the latest blend of Brazilian coffees.

A week later, on Saturday the 25th, the trio met again on barstools.

Fred asked, as he always did when he saw Manny, "Have they found the body yet?"

"No, but rumors are flying. I heard they found a suicide note in the car. They just don't know what the bastard did with the body."

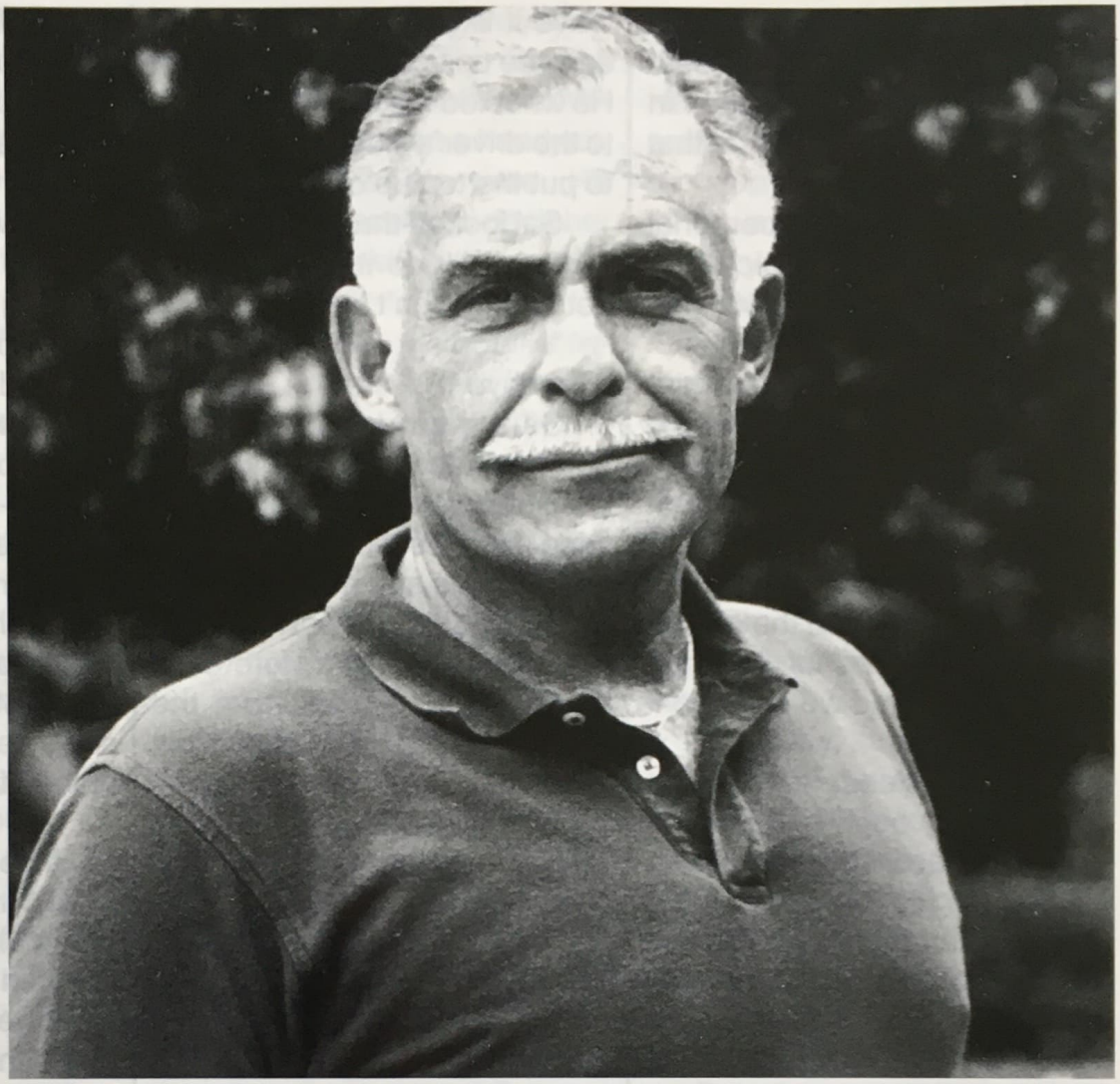
"All you need is a big enough Cuisinart," Benny offered. They ignored him; they were used to that kind of remark from him. "Did you guys ever consider that Stubbs could've done it, and then disappeared?"

"Yeah, and so have the police, I'm sure. But certain facts don't make sense. Would a guy who hadn't been done-in leave a white '98 Caddy sit open in the driveway? The police found four inches of rain in it. His blood was on the carpet. There were signs

of a struggle on Sal's arms, and in the note, I hear he told Rick he'd done it. And Stubbs was nowhere to be seen the whole week. That's an open and shut case, I'd say."

Fred agreed. "It's open and shut, all right. Looks like we'll never know the motive....Mitch, another round, please."

They sipped and pondered as the bar filled for another crowded Saturday night.



TECUMSEH, 63, 5'-11", 195#, is in an open relationship with CR writer/models KOKOPELLI and B.J.. They live in San Antonio. TECUMSEH was a model in CR 85. He enjoys interesting men any age, and answers all e-mail sent to TecumsehTX@aol.com. Don't miss his trilogy published on our website Library entitled YOU'VE GOT MALE. (http://www.chiron-rising.com)

DID YOU KNOW THAT A THIRD OF ALL PATIENTS HAVING A HEART ATTACK WON'T FEEL ANY CHEST PAIN?

If you're over 65 and/or diabetic, your chance of having a heart attack without chest pain is much greater than others with heart disease. Do you know what to look for?

1. **SHORTNESS OF BREATH**
2. **INDIGESTION**
3. **PROFUSE SWEATING**
4. **A SENSE OF DOOM**
5. **NAUSEA**
6. **FAINTING**
7. **ASHEN COLOR**
8. **SLURRED SPEECH**
9. **CONFUSION**
10. **NECK, ARM, BACK PAIN**

What to do?

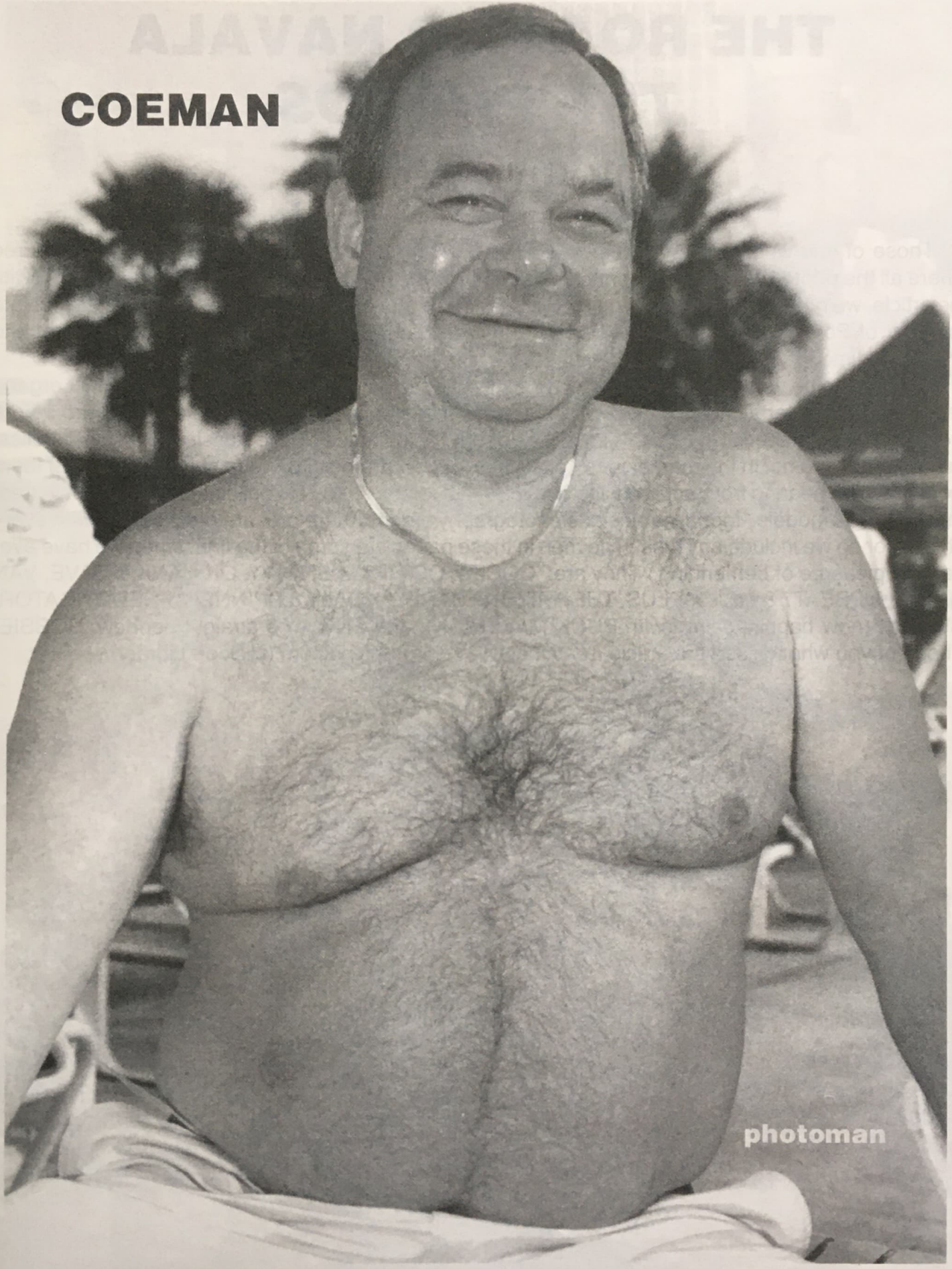
A. Don't rationalize it away

B. Call 9-1-1 or have your partner call.

C. Chew and swallow at least 325 mg of aspirin.

D. If your are the unstricken one, prepare to administer CPR if patient stops breathing. Don't know CRP? Learn! In the meantime, mimic the way they do it on t.v. Don't just stand there and let your friend die.

COEMAN

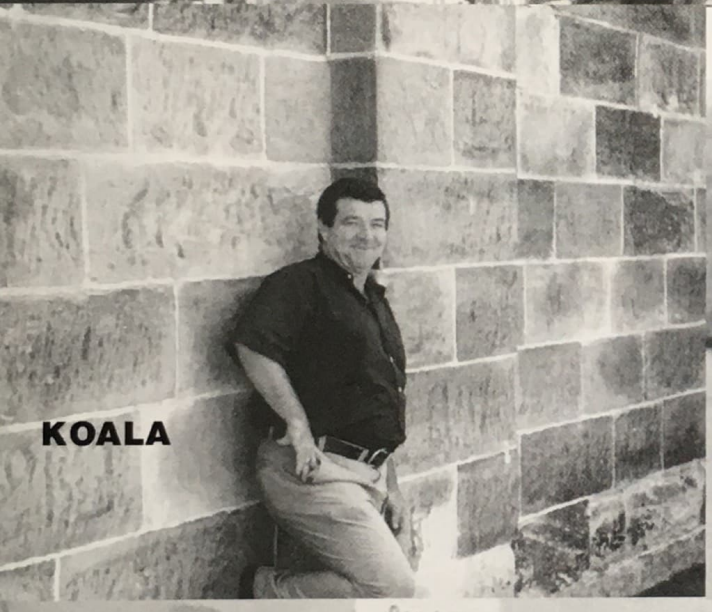


THE ROAD TO NAVALA
THE PHOTOS
by p.h. colley

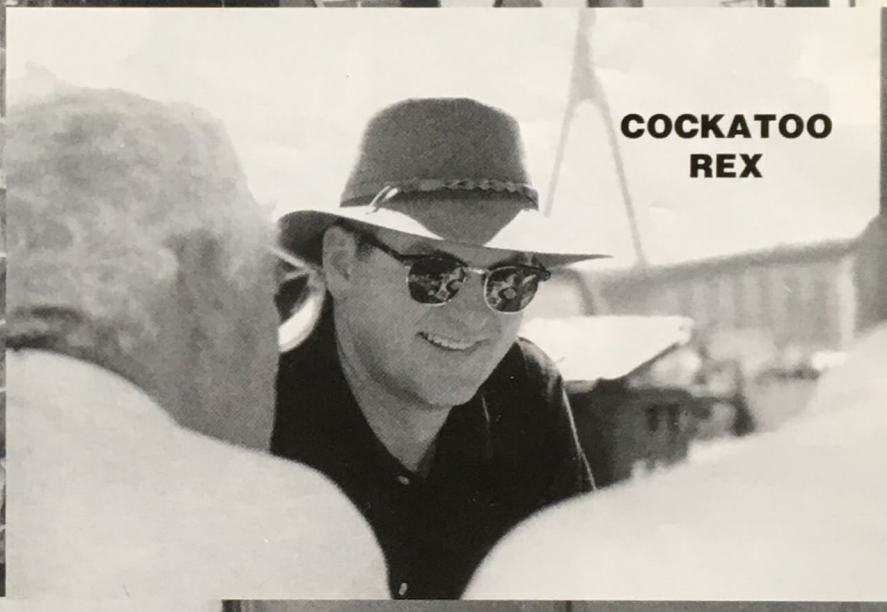
Those of you who read my article THE ROAD TO NAVALA a few issues back and wondered where all the photos were, we present some of them here. For those of you who are not familiar with the article, we hosted a mini-gathering in Sydney in February of '98. After that, 14 of us took a private bus tour of Port Stephens (pristene beaches) and Barrington Top s (rain forest). We got back to Sydney in time for the Gay Mardi Gras, then we were off to Fiji.

We have to be very careful when we lay out the magazine. Since we are more a contact organization than an entertainment magazine, we always make sure all new models are featured before we do something special like this. Virtually all of our travel mates on the Aussie Odyssey are blissfully coupled and not in the market for a knight with shining armor. Oh, we're sure that some of them wouldn't mind hearing from and meeting admirers, but for the sake of simplicity, we prefer not to treat these men as models. Model names and photography credits, therefore, are not included with every photo, nor do we include any bios. The men in these pages are some of the finest men we have ever had the pleasure of befriending. They are: COCKATOO REX & SNOWY, OK HANK & DAVE, VAN & MIKE, UPBEAT7 & LIKE50PLUS, THE ARIZONA BARES, KOALA & SPINNER, FREDDY GATOR, SWISS I (now happily paired with BUCK MAVERICK), and SNOWY's straight nephew, ROBBIE. Those of you who missed the article, read it at www.chiron-rising.com (click on Library).

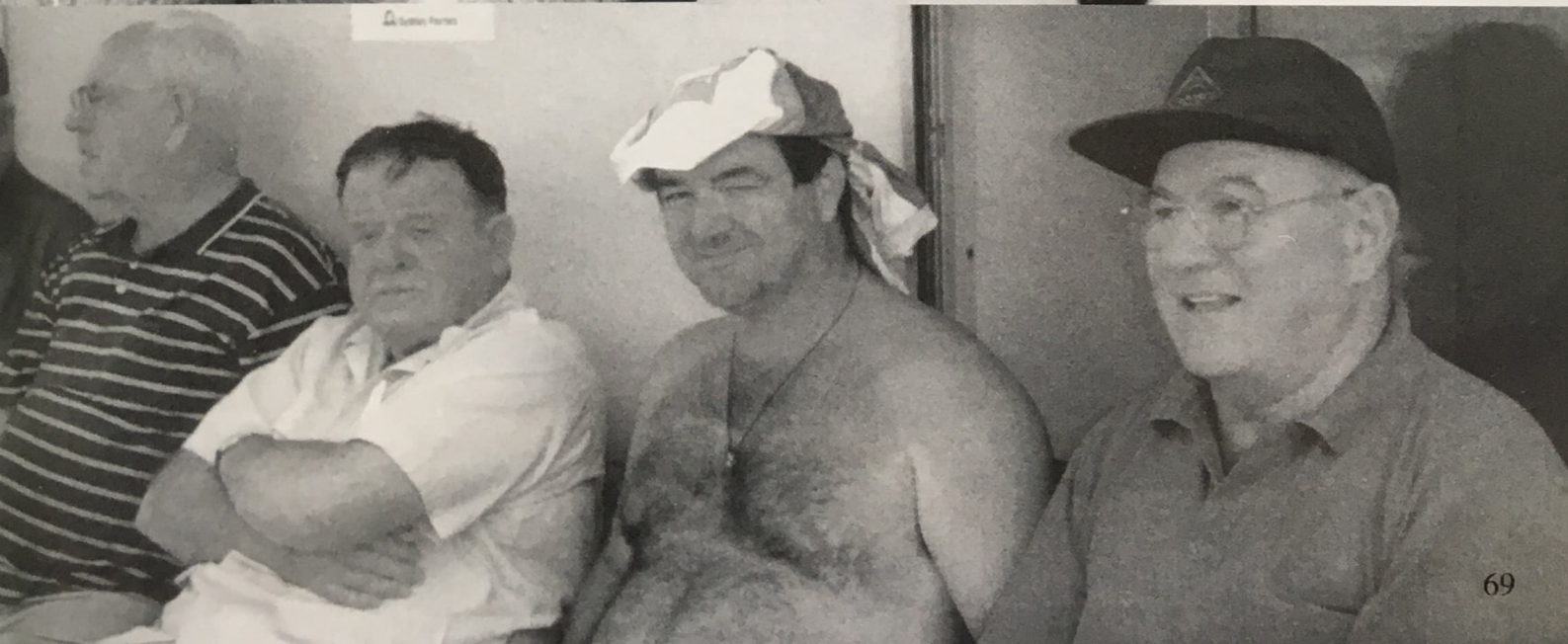
SYDNEY



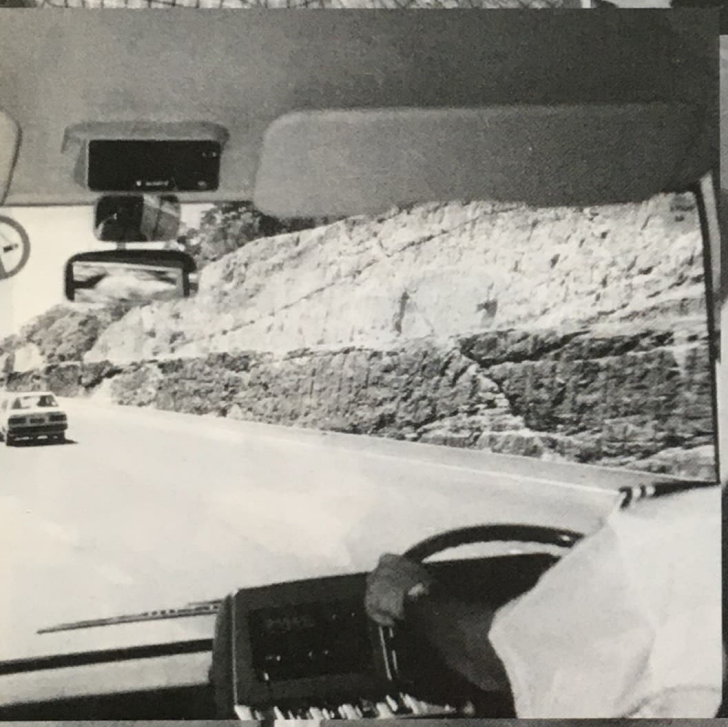
KOALA

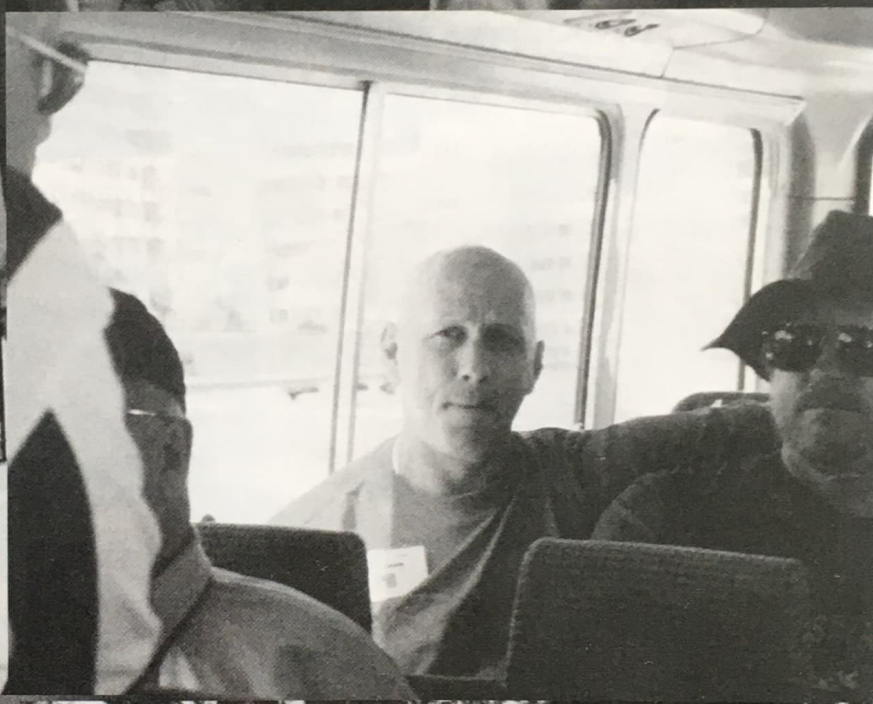


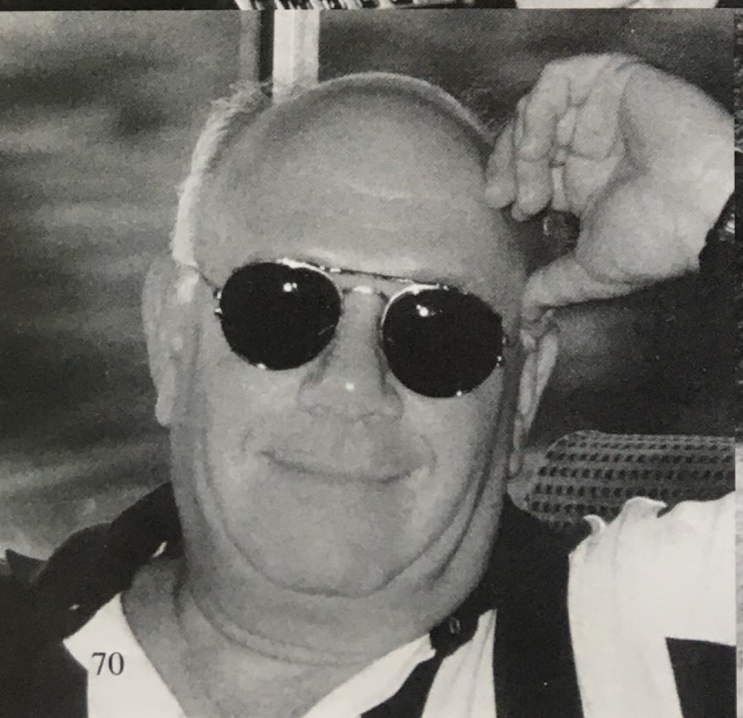
COCKATOO
REX



ON THE ROAD

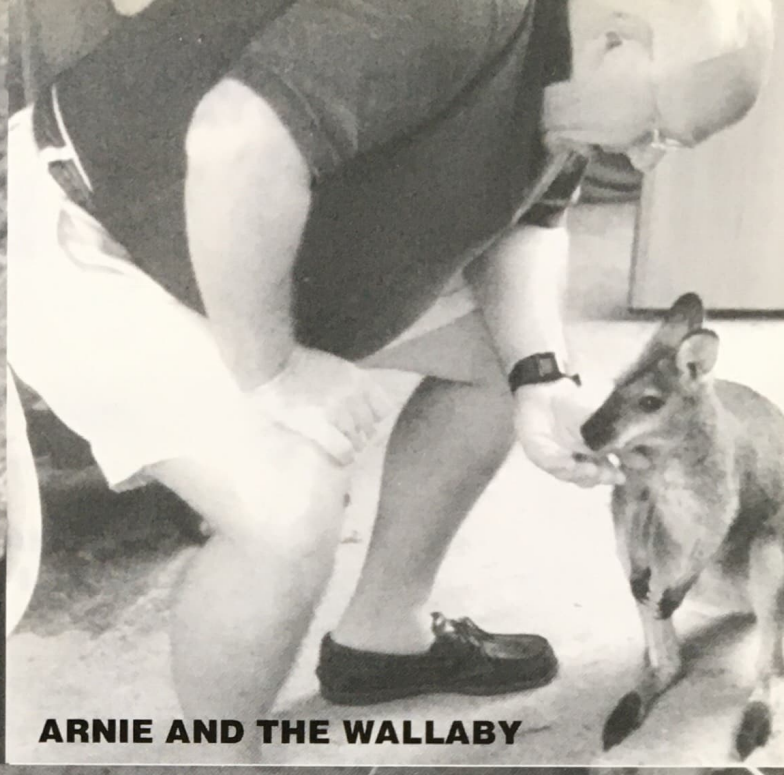






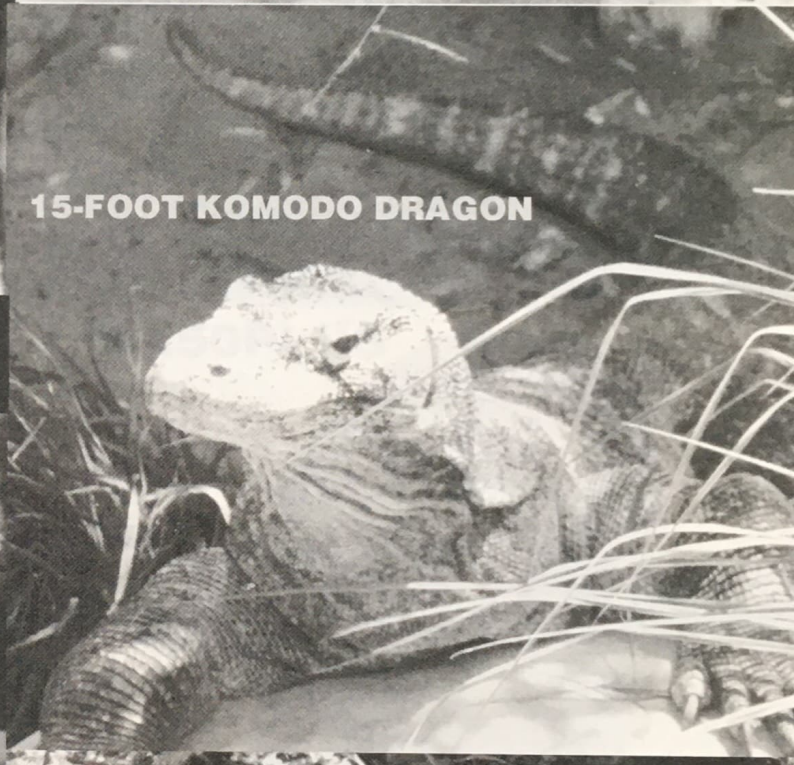
COUNTRY CLUB HOTE

KOALA

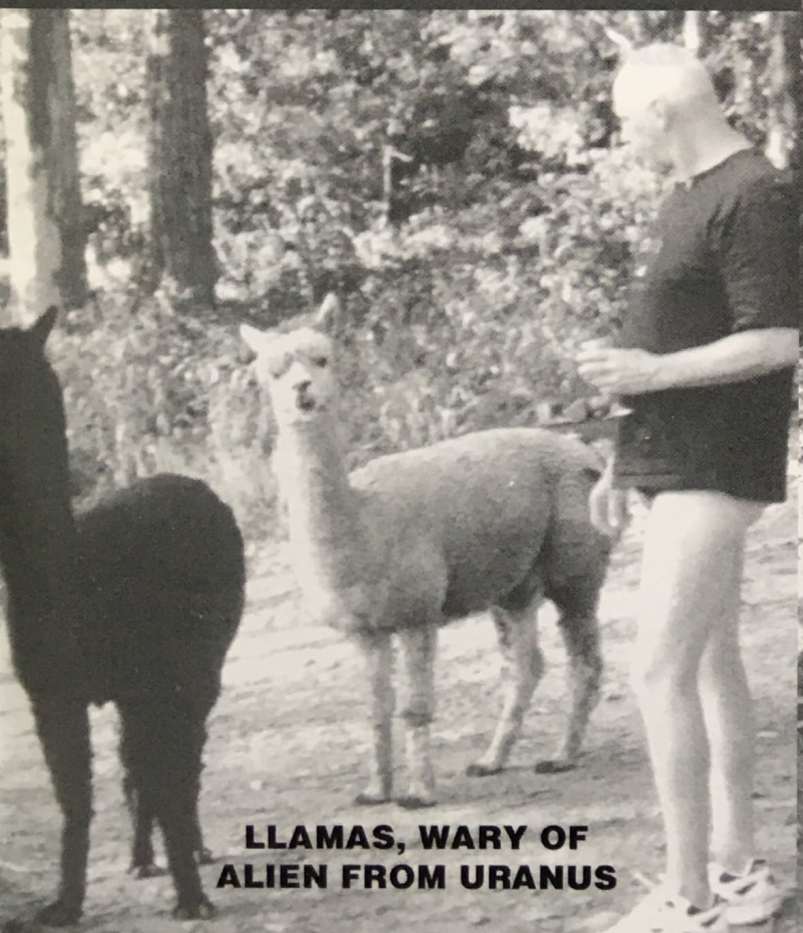


ARNIE AND THE WALLABY

THE WILDLIFE



15-FOOT KOMODO DRAGON

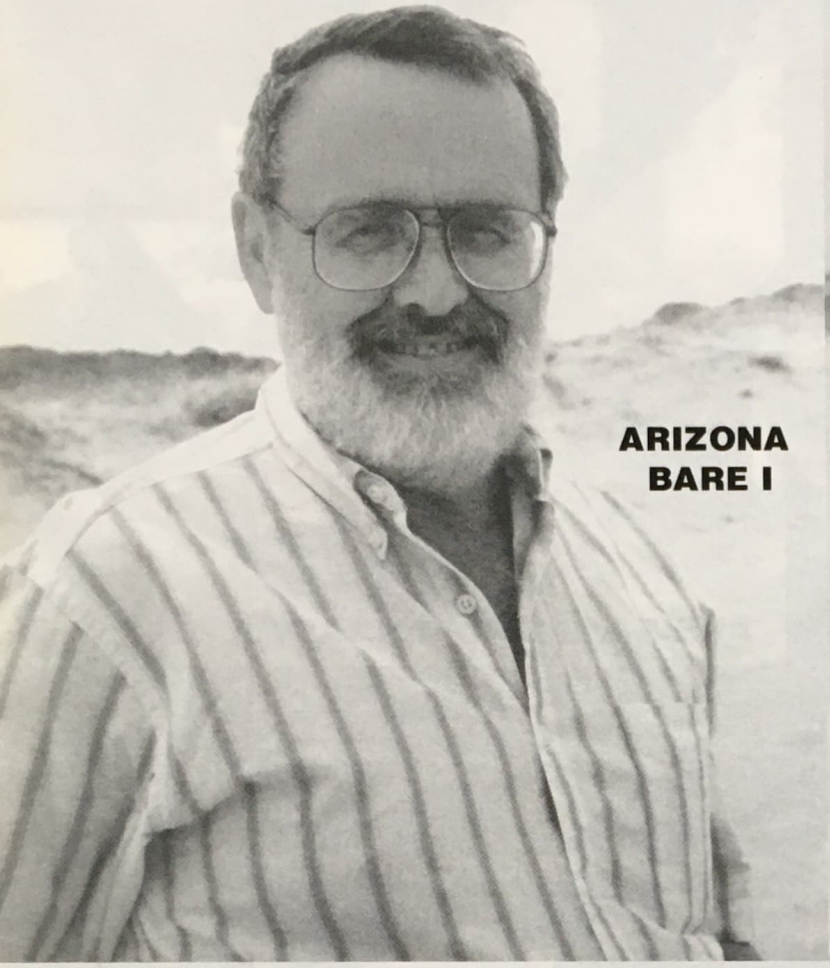


LLAMAS, WARY OF ALIEN FROM URANUS

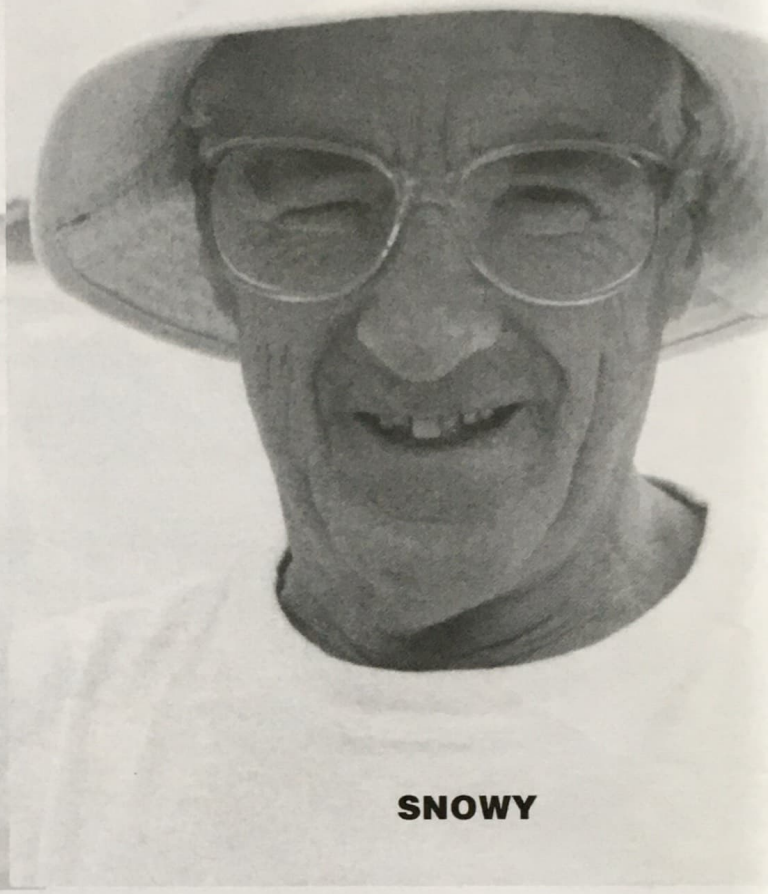
KANGAROO

SAMURAI NUDE BEACH

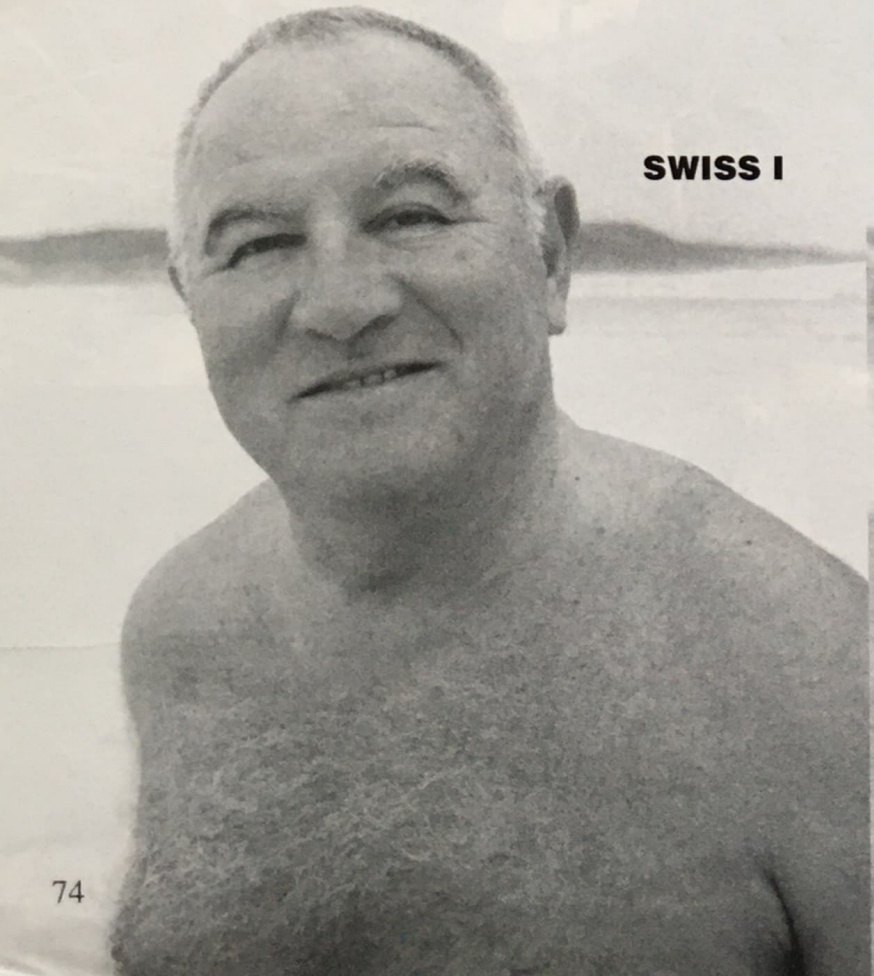
TARONGA ZOO
SYDNEY



ARIZONA
BARE I

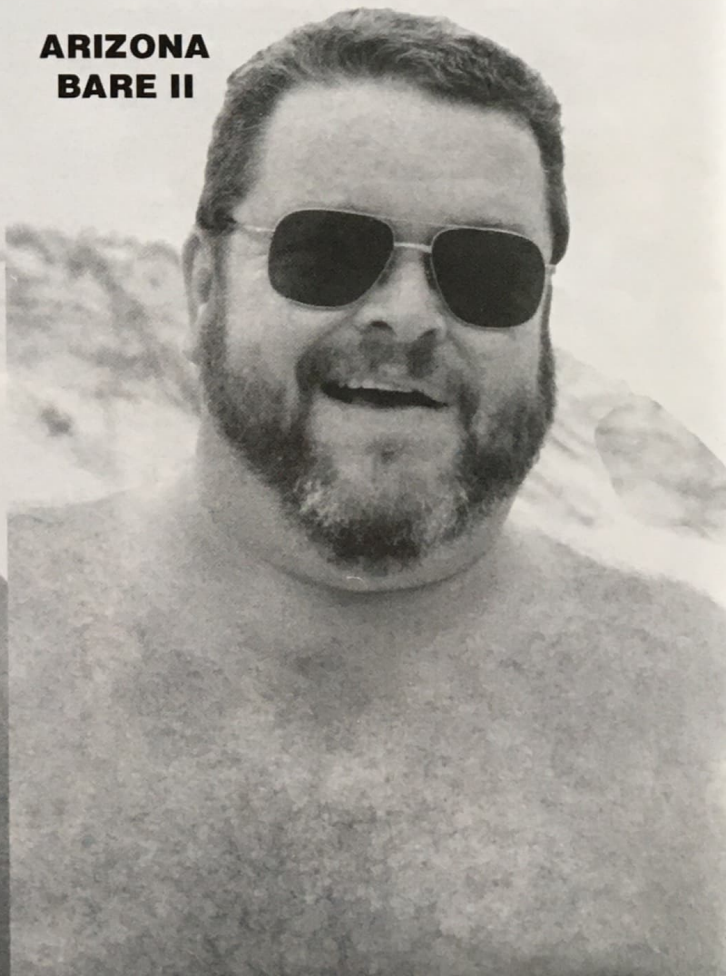


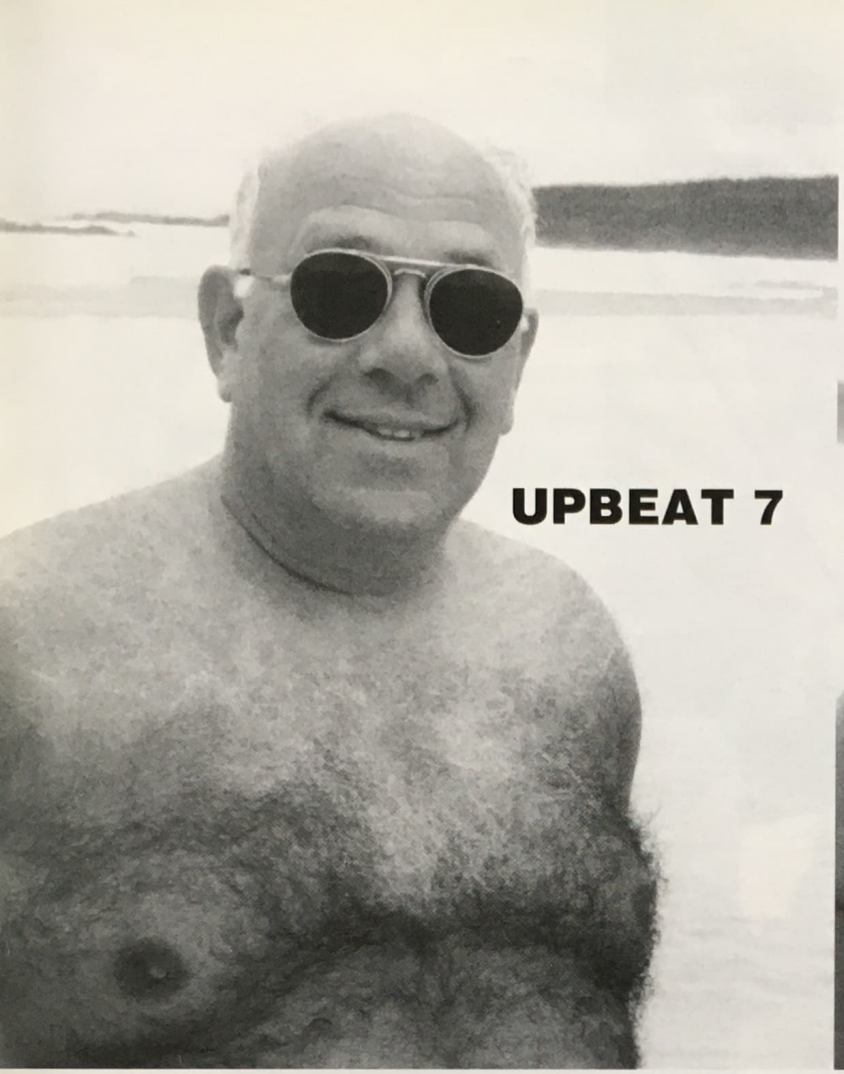
SNOWY



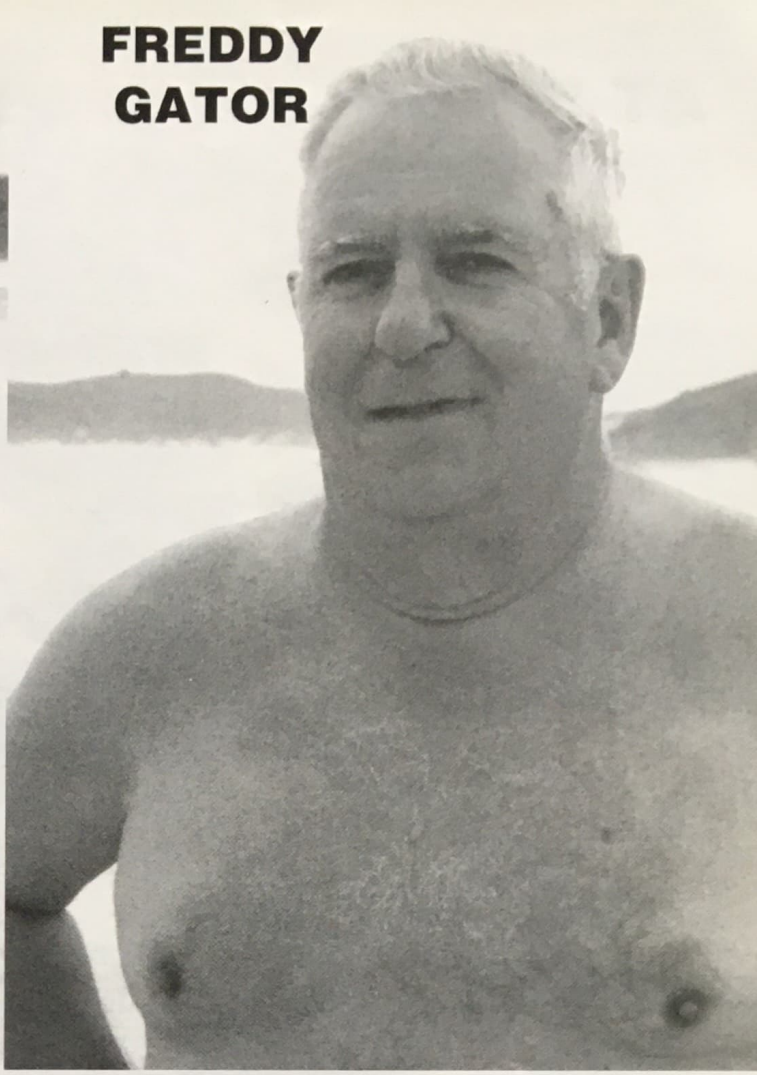
SWISS I

ARIZONA
BARE II

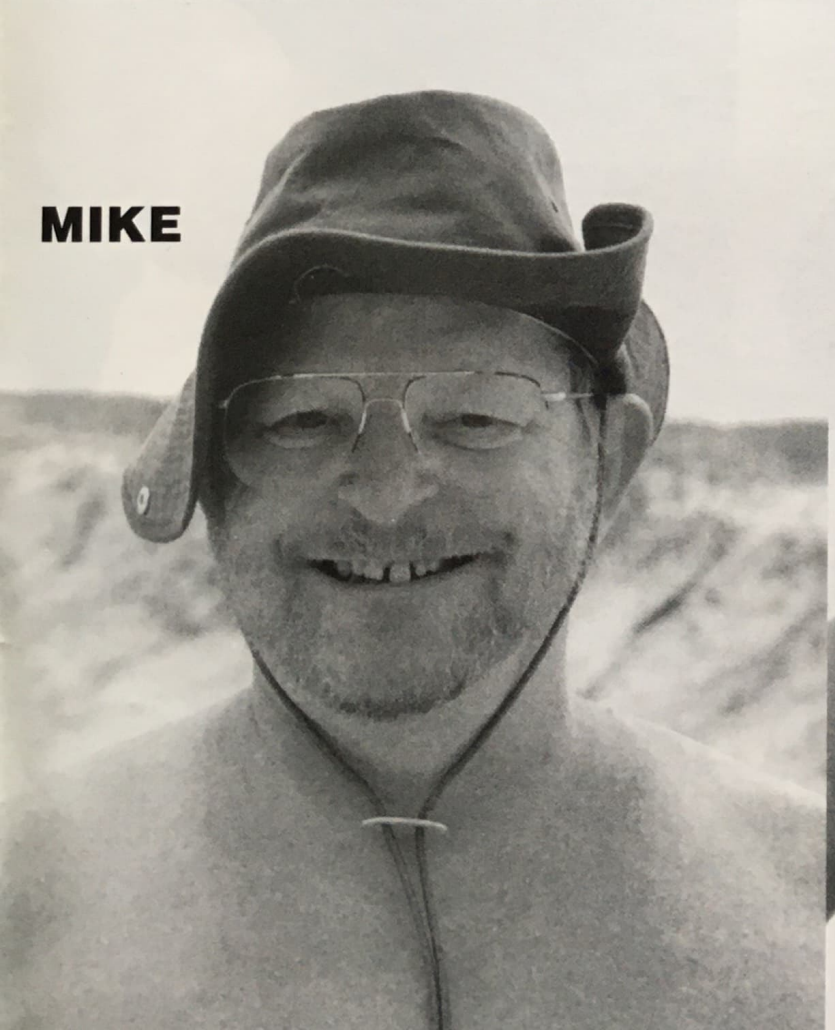




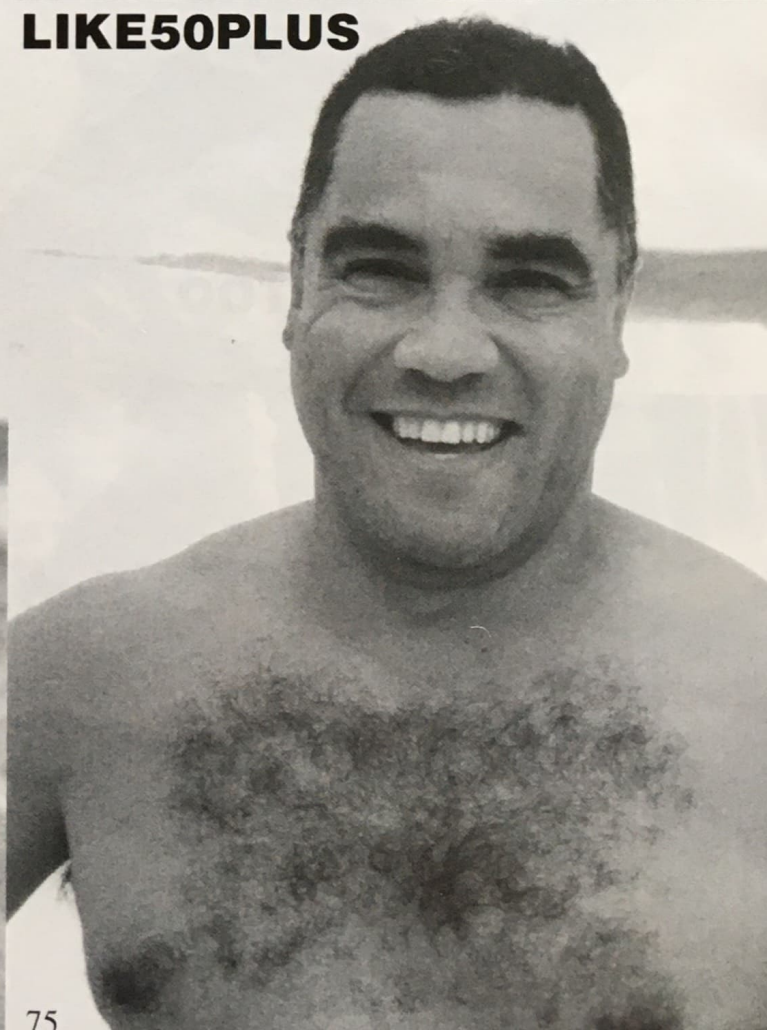
UPBEAT 7



FREDDY
GATOR

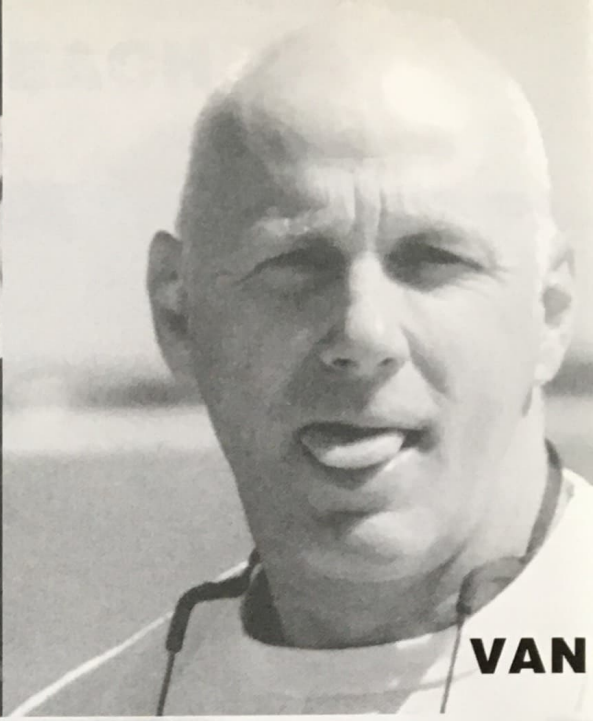


MIKE



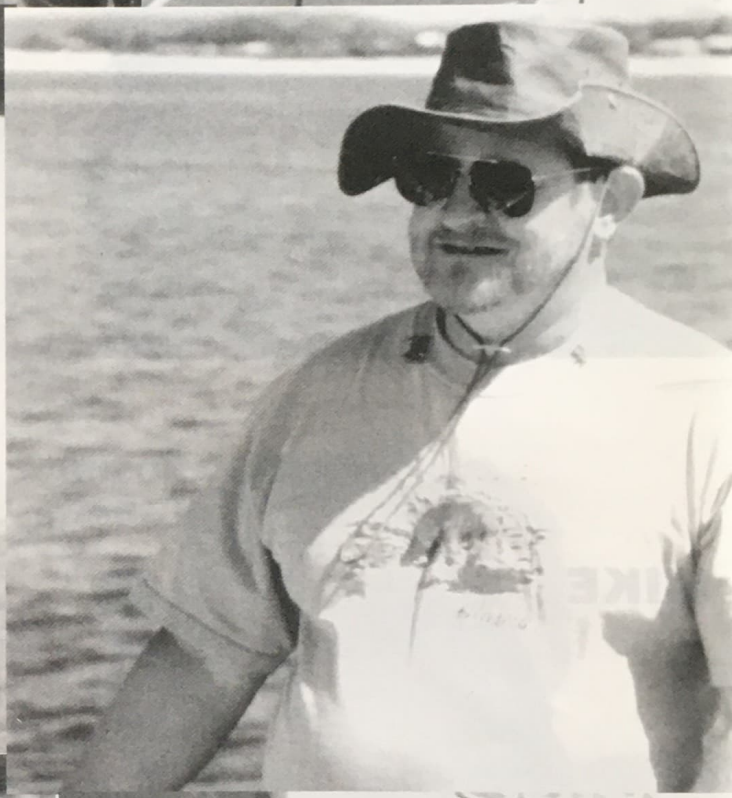
LIKE50PLUS

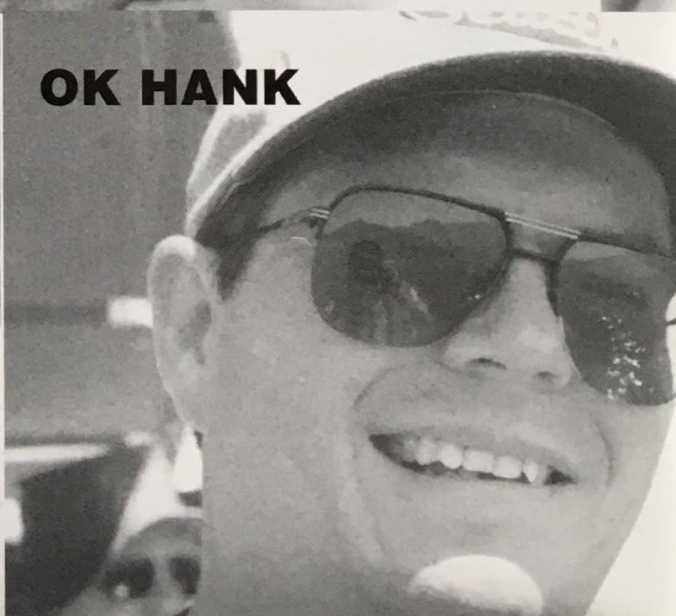
AT SEA



VAN

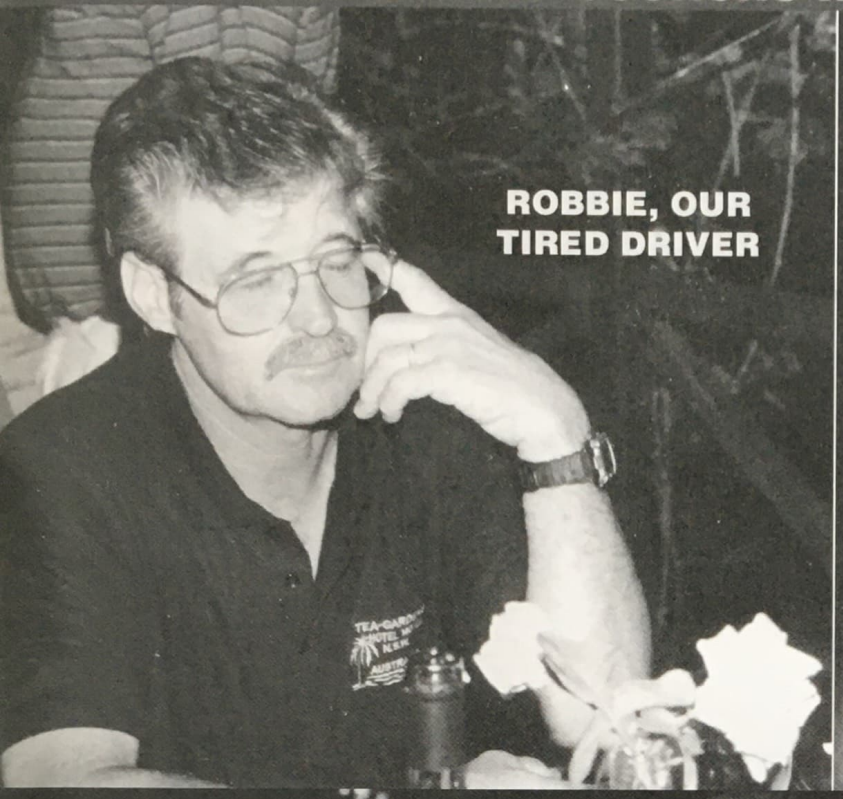
COCKATOO
REX



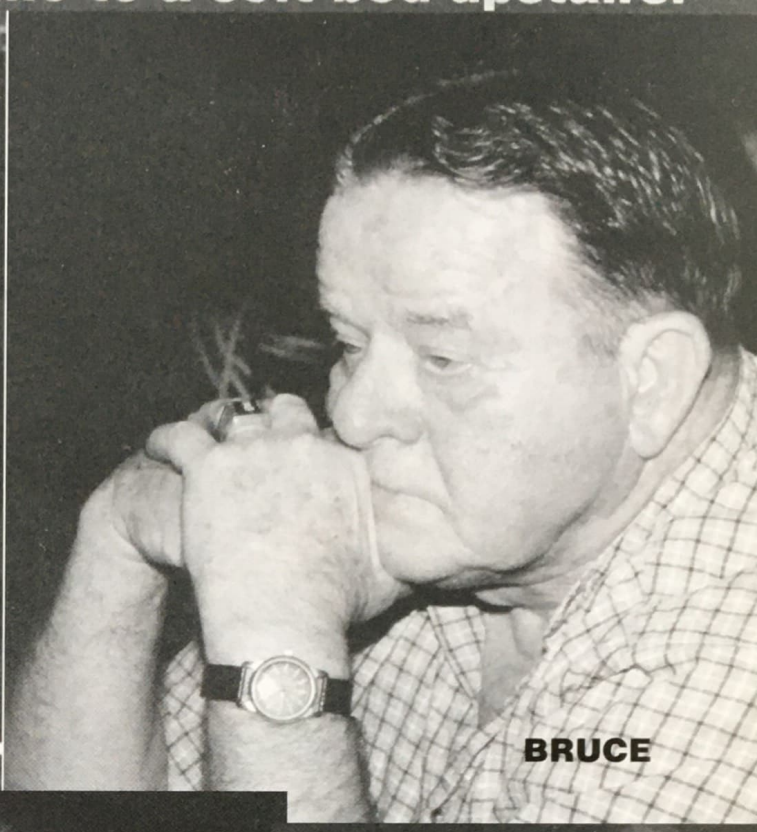


OK HANK

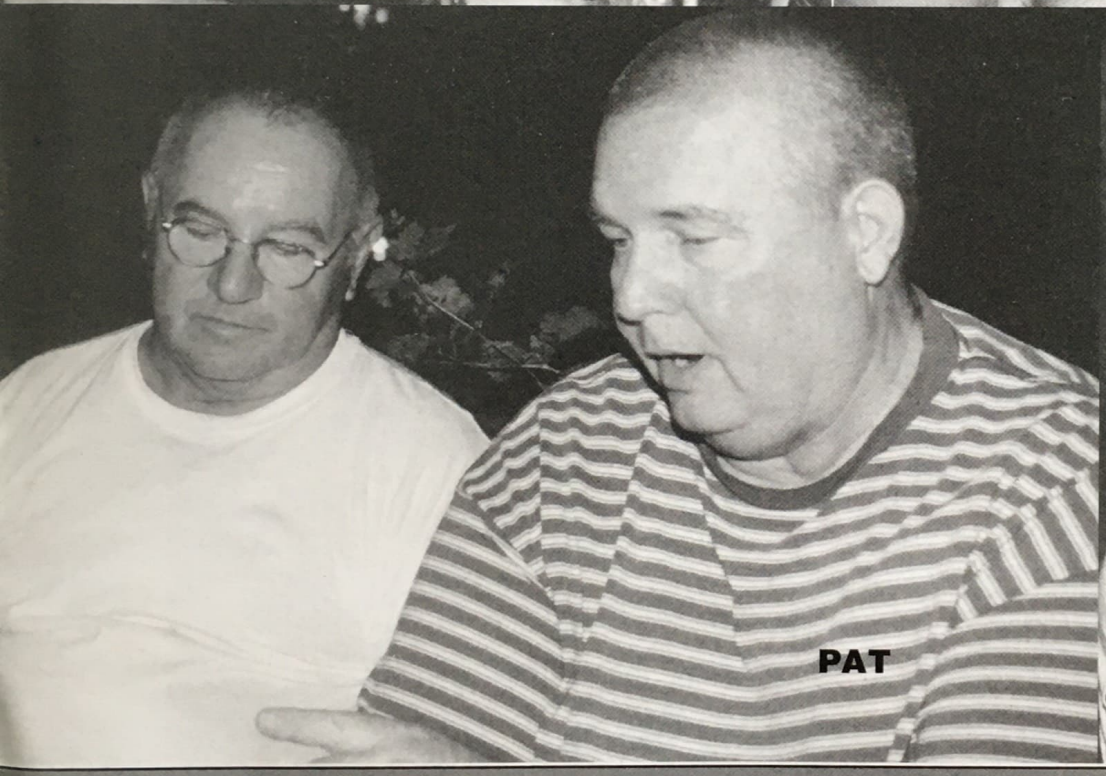
We've had a long day, an incredible feast, and the cool rain forest air beckons me to a soft bed upstairs.



ROBBIE, OUR TIRED DRIVER

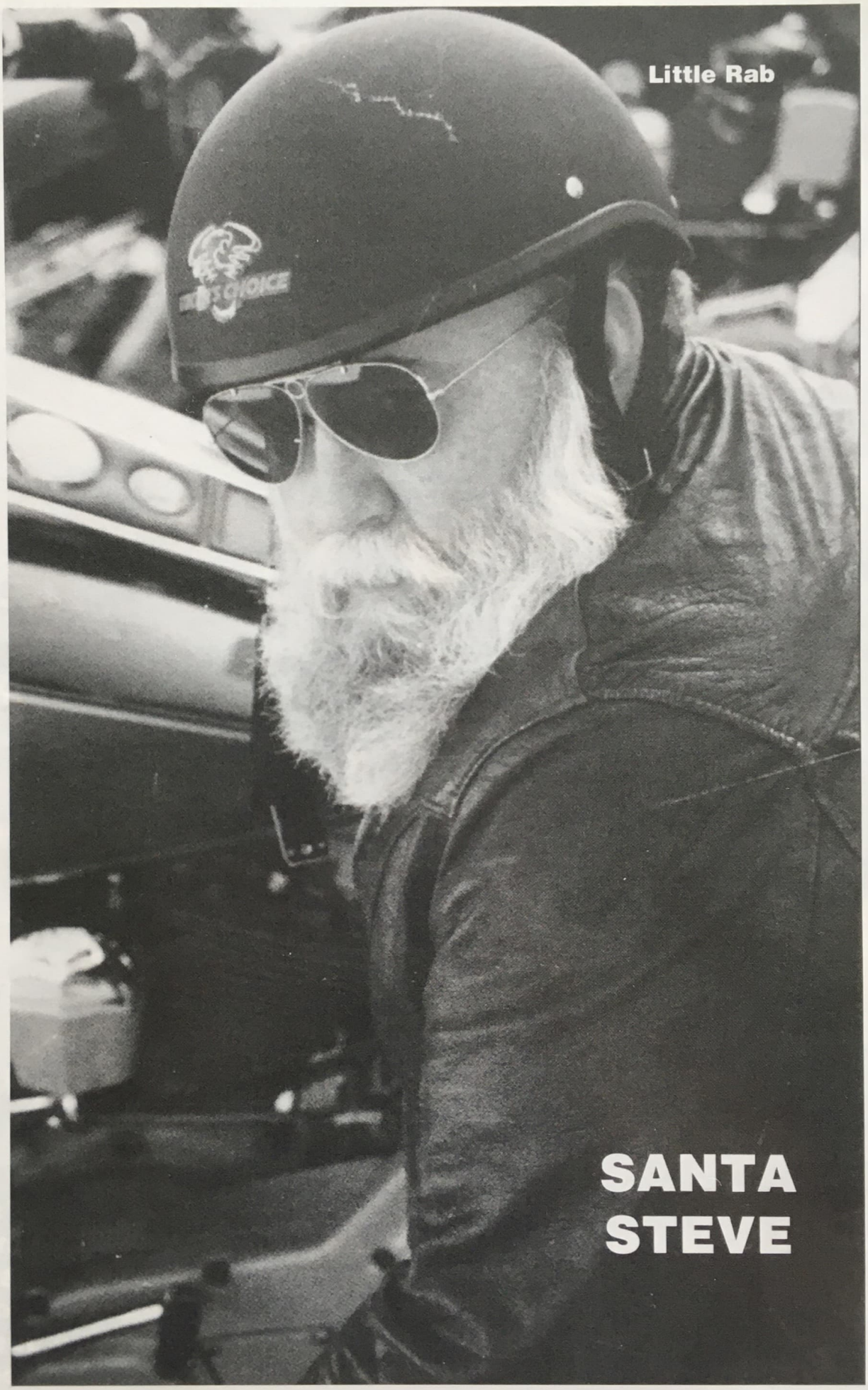


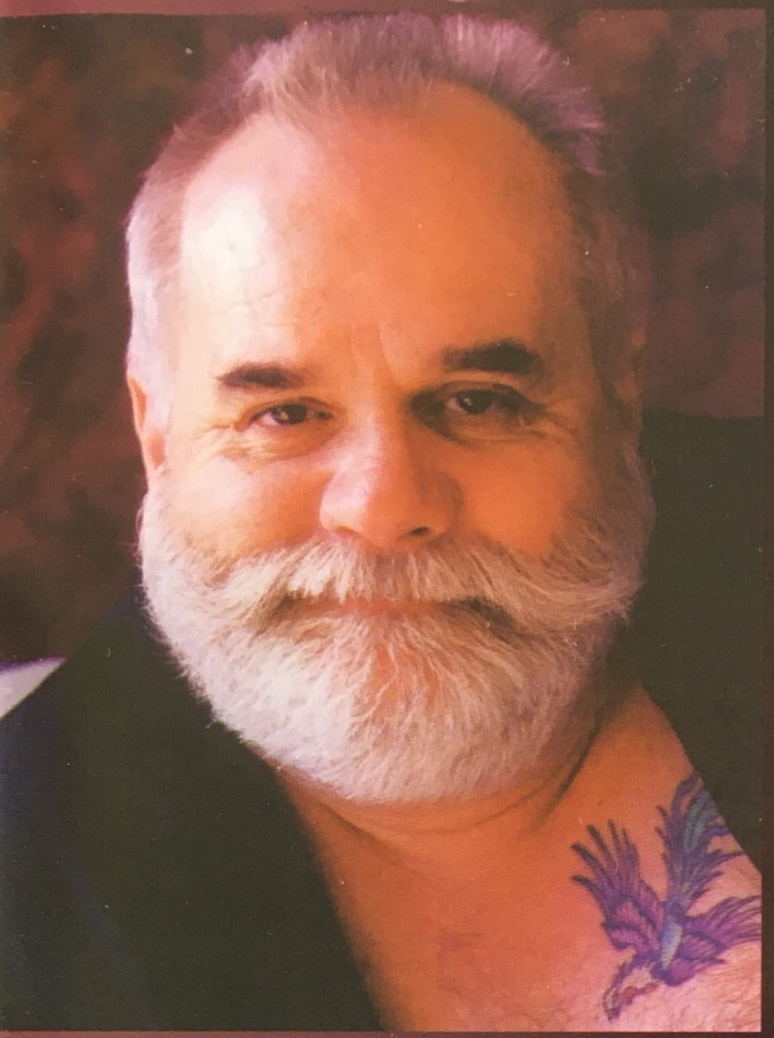
BRUCE

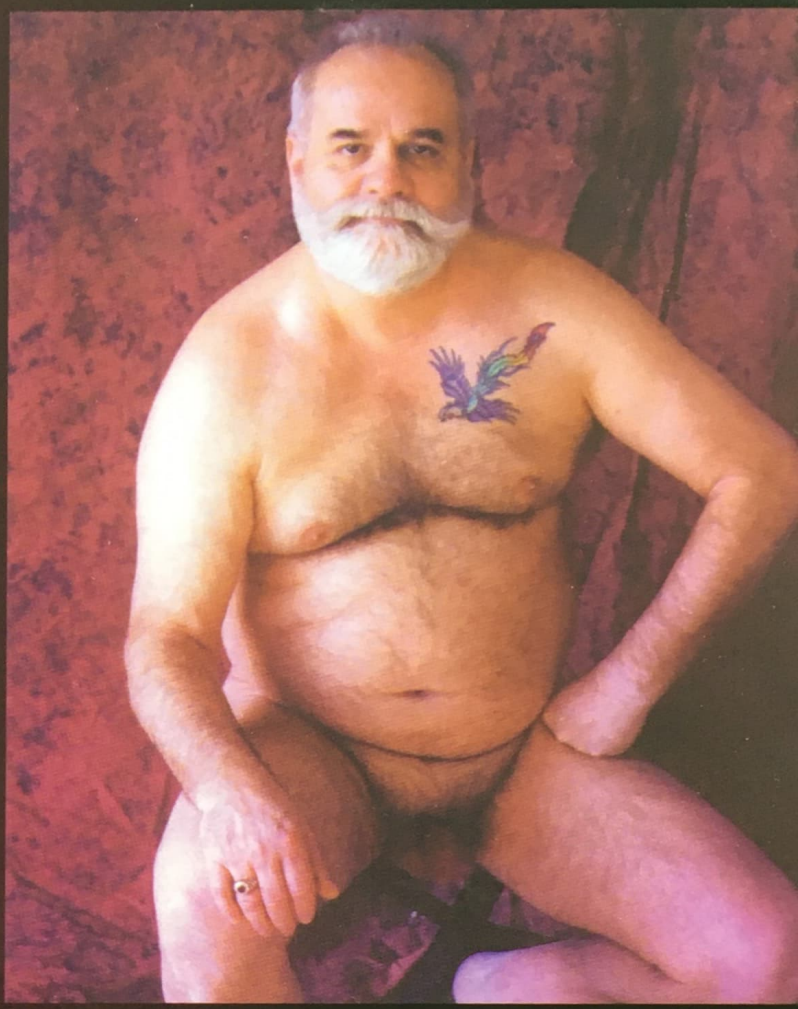


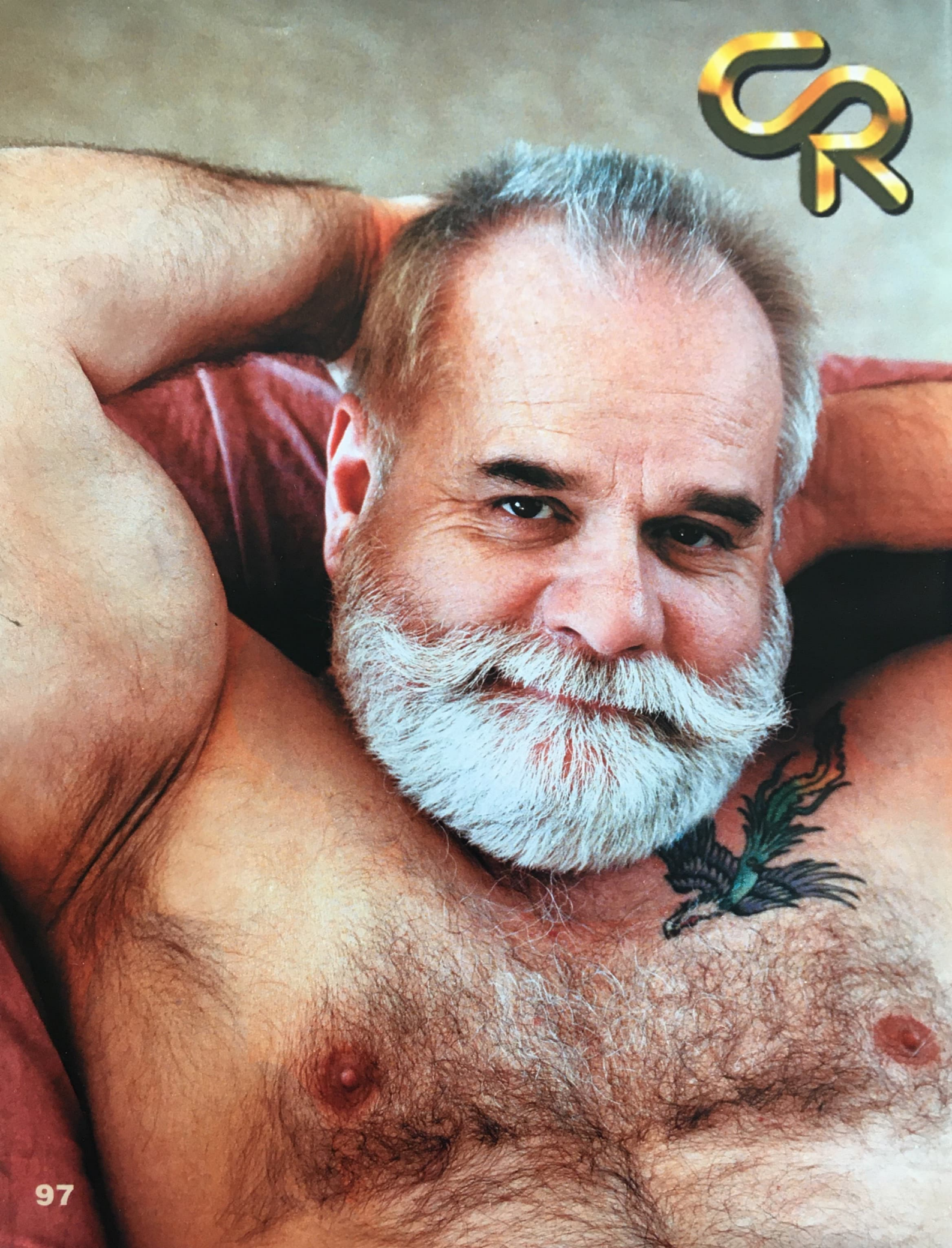
PAT

We were going to do a documentary video of the trip, but life's little pitfalls got in the way. Maybe a young video whiz will come into our lives one day and finish the project. As you can imagine, these photos are only a drop in the bucket. Eight of us took hundreds of photos. And then there are the Fiji photos! Oh, well. Everyone deserves at least one adventure like what we experienced in their lives. We hope it happens to you. Pat & Bruce


Little Rab
SANTA
STEVE





MICHAEL

all photos by MANNY